

# Mennonite Historical Bulletin

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## Elmdale, Michigan, 1910-1916

by Leonard Clemens

*Historical accounts of social life among Michigan Mennonites are a rarity. How did Mennonites live, say, at Elmdale, Michigan, three-quarters of a century ago?*

Leonard Clemens, Goshen, Indiana, who spent much of his life with the news media (The Elkhart Truth), recently set down on paper a number of his experiences during the five years (1911-1916) that he lived at Elmdale as a small boy. With careful attention both to concrete physical detail and to a child's perceptions of human relations, he is able to reconstruct a Mennonite social-cultural portrait of the times.

There is still a Mennonite church at Elmdale, although the village itself has all but disappeared. It is still named the Bowne Congregation, and began in the year 1866. The post-office address changed three times during its history, from Elmdale, to Clarksville, to Alto. At its high point in 1945 adult membership numbered 127; currently, there are 35 members. The congregation belonged to the Indiana-Michigan Mennonite Conference until about 1973, was then unaffiliated for some seven years, when around 1980 it affiliated with the Conservative Mennonite Conference.

This is the first of two parts. A shorter, second part will appear later this year, which depicts life in Goshen, Indiana, in 1916-1917 (the family moved there from Elmdale in 1916). —Leonard Gross

Elmdale was not a populous place by any means, although it showed promise of just that. It had a hotel, two general stores, a post office, telephone exchange, livery, a large mill, an apple drying plant and other sundry small businesses. It was located on the Ionia and Kent county line, most of which was in Ionia County. It now has Interstate 96 a few miles to the north of it. Through it ran the Pere Marquette Railroad (now C & O), running from Muskegon through Grand Rapids, Lansing and to Detroit, the principal cities of the state at that time. It had another line running north to Lowell, Belding and Greenville. How far south I cannot say, but I do know it went as far as Freeport because I rode there once. Back in those days, any community to thrive and grow had to have a railroad for its commerce and industry. Thus with two railroads, Elmdale had all the potential of becoming a fair-sized community, if not a city.

It was in this year that my parents Orville B. Clemens and Mary A. Rhinesmith were married and decided to make their first home near there. The place was located a mile or so south of Elmdale and about a hundred yards from the Kent Coun-

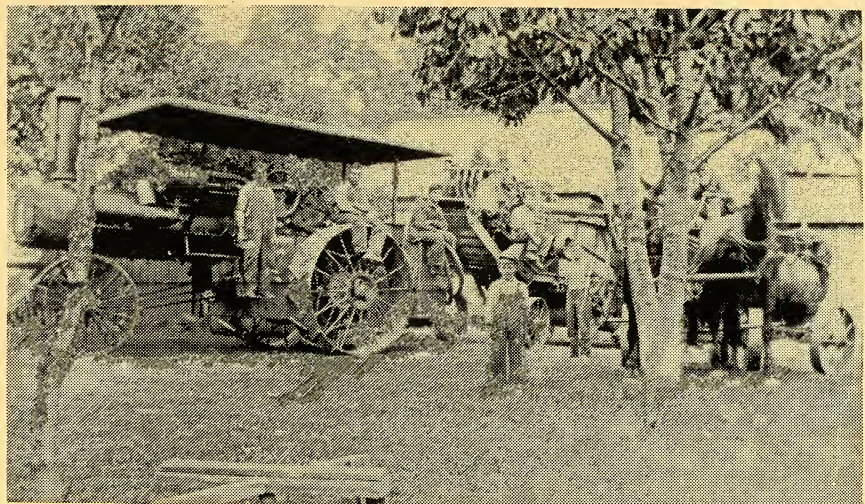
ty line. It was a small two-room house and to the east was a medium-sized barn with a corner crib along with it. It also had the customary small out-building unadorned by a crescent, for it was too crude a building for that. It must have served its purpose well enough as I cannot recall any plumbing problems with it. Just below the barn ran a small creek choked with watercress and at that time was full of native trout.

It was here the following year (September 13, 1911) where I first had a glimpse of daylight. It was an eventful day for me, although I did not realize it at the time; from it came the beginnings of all my hopes, dreams, disappointments and failures. Seventy years later I can honestly say: "You've come a long way, baby."

A year and a half later my brother Theron was born here (March 11, 1913). Two years later (March 10, 1915) my oldest sister was also born here.

Most of my memories of these times have a nostalgic quality about them. Many people say that our memories do not go back farther than the age of three years. That was not the case with me as I can recall things that happened before I was two-and-a-half years old. Accounts of my mother verify this as she told me that I wore a dress to church until I was two-and-a-half years old; and I recall pulling my brother around the yard in a small wagon we had when he was around seven months old. That would have made me around two years.

By the following summer Theron was old enough to toddle and walk around. During the winter I taught him to walk the same way I had learned. I had learned to walk by the time I was ten months old according to my mother. I was just a year old when I ran into our kitchen range



Threshing at Elmdale around 1911. Orville Clemens is sitting on the water tank at the right.



and suffered a severe gash across the bridge of my nose causing a scar which I carry to this day. The method we used was to take a kitchen chair, lean on the seat and push it across the smooth elm floor from one end of the room to the other. My mother said later, "For a while I had a floor so shiny that it looked as if it were waxed." We didn't know of such a thing as floor wax then.

Another account of this floor that bears record was the time when our mother had just mopped the floor, churned the cream, molded the butter and put us to bed for an afternoon nap. She proceeded to go work in the garden while we slept. About two hours later we woke up and went into what served as our kitchen, living-room and dining room. On the kitchen table was a large dish of freshly molded butter. Theron scooped a handful from the dish and tasted it over my protests of "Nein! Nein!, Theron" ("No! No! Theron"). He did not know what to do with the rest of it so he proceeded to rub the rest of it on the bottom of his bare feet. He noted that when he put his foot on the floor, he could slide with the greatest of ease. Not to be outdone by such sheer enjoyment, I joined in and soon we had a skating rink fit for Dorothy Hamill.

Meanwhile, our mother, still working in the garden, heard that we were up and hearing my protests thought everything was under control and went on with her hoeing. But when she heard laughter and giggling from both of us, instinct told her that something was amiss. When little boys laugh and giggle they are usually up to some sort of devilment. The flogging we got I felt was unjustified for such a delightful experience. From that time on, no amount of lye-water and soapsuds would entirely remove the remnants of our skating rink.

One of our favorite pastimes was to wait and watch the train pass by the house and wave at the engineer and passengers as they passed by. They in turn waved back at us. We

were well warned of its approach long ahead of time, as its low-pitched whistle could be heard for miles. Each railroad at that time had its own tone or pitch whistle for a warning to a crossing approach. I have heard many whistles in my time but none could compare to the melodious tone of the old Pere Marquette Railroad. It had a quality about it that was hard to describe. It could be heard a long way off, but still had a tranquilizing effect so you could keep your wits about you as you approached a crossing. I know our horse "Jenny" would react very calmly to it at a crossing. Many a night I would be awakened by it but would drift back into blissful slumber again. On other occasions when sleep would evade me I would hear its drone in the distance becoming louder as it came nearer, then diminishing as it went on east or west as the case would be; I would be asleep before the last drone faded away. They just don't have whistles like that anymore.

One day Theron and I heard the departure whistle of "Old Jerry" at the Elmdale depot. I never did figure out how a "Jerry" could be a "her" but that's what we called her, "Old Jerry." Perhaps in this case "Jerry" referred to both terms of the gender or maybe it was an abbreviated form of Geraldine. Old Jerry was a hand-me-down from bygone days from the main line to work on a secondary line which went by our place. She had a large stack and a lot of tarnished brass for adornment. By all standards, she was then already an antique, but to us boys she was a magnificent thing of beauty.

As I mentioned before, the departure whistle and bell clanging at the depot sent my brother and me scurrying up to the track to watch it pass, although we had plenty of time as it did not travel much more than 15 mph—25 to 30 at the best. We sat on a small rise at the edge of the track and watched it huffing and puffing toward us. It came by us

followed by the usual mail-car, three or four freight cars, a passenger car and a caboose.

As we were waving to the passengers one man leaned out of the window and threw a sack of something into my lap and said something to me in English which I did not understand, as we only spoke Pennsylvania-German in our home. I looked into the sack and beheld two strange-looking fruits. We took them to our mother and told her what had happened. She told us that they were bananas. She peeled the bananas, giving one to me and one to my brother. On the first bite I wasn't quite sure whether I liked it or not, as the texture was unlike anything I had ever had before. Up until this time the only fruits I was familiar with were apples, peaches, pears and plums. I soon found the taste quite pleasant and went on relishing the rest of it. In the meantime my brother had his finished and was trying to eat the peelings. I remember the wry face he made from the tartness of the skins, but he went on eating them anyway until my mother took them away from him.

**Going to Church.** Going to church on Sunday was not something to look forward to, as Saturday was to a schoolboy, since we were not old enough to reckon the days of a calendar. Only when breakfast was over, and my father, after hitching "Jenny" to the buggy, came in and put on his one and only suit while my mother, already dressed up in her best, was dressing Theron and me up in our dresses, did we know that it was Sunday. Our dresses came just below the knees and had eyelet embroidery along the hem, collar and cuffs. We did not particularly care too much for the outfits. Not only were they uncomfortable from being starched and ironed after a hand laundering, but it meant that we could not romp around and play as we usually did since they were pure white and we

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would have them soiled in no time at all.

Both my parents were of Mennonite background. My mother from her mother's side (Weirich) came from the Old Order Amish; from her father's side (Rhinesmith), the Mennonite. My father's mother (Barbara Miller) was raised by Mennonite parents but as a young girl she took up the Lutheran faith. After she married my grandfather (Jacob Clemens) who was Mennonite she took up the Mennonite faith again. Thus, with this background, my parents attended Mennonite services.

Church in those days lasted much longer than now. A preacher was not a preacher unless he could preach an hour or so about "Jonah swallowed by the whale" or "Samson slaying 1000 jackasses with the shinbone of a Philistine." It was all very boring to me and very often I would get my afternoon nap in at this time, only to be awakened by a chorus of possibly "Throw Out the Lifeline," or "Rock of Ages."

It was not customary in those days to take a peck or so of toys, picture books, or paper and pencils to amuse the younger children during the long service. The custom of the Mennonites then was to seat the women, girls, and babies on the left side of the church and the men and

boys on the right side, and a good and dutiful parent kept the children under control.

My father overstepped this unwritten rule a little and made me a button whirligig by passing a string through two holes of a button about the size of a quarter and then tying the two ends together. You then had a button whirligig. You grasped the two loops of the string with the right and left index fingers and centered the button on the string and made a few circular motions with the hands until you got a few twists into the string. Then, pulling outward, the button would spin upon the unwinding of the string, and the inertia of the whirling button would wind up the string in the other direction. All went well until I became so proficient with it that I could make a whomp, whomp, whomp sound with it, much to my father's dismay. He told me that if I didn't quiet it down he would take it away from me. I did as told but soon found another trick that was better than the whomp, whomp. After I got it going I eased it against the pew in front of me. That did it. My father took it away from me and put it into his pocket. After much pleading and promising to keep it quiet, he gave it back to me. I guess I was not destined to have a plaything in church. After a few minutes playing with it I wondered how it would feel on the top of my head. I felt it all right. It felt as though someone took a small hank of my hair and gave it a good tug. The button and string were firmly matted into my hair. My father took me out of the church house and on the way I thought I was in for a paddling which I seldom ever got from him. After we were out of the building I was almost afraid to look him in the face. When I did, I saw a wry smile on his face; he was chuckling in a low tone. The chuckling became outright laughter when he proceeded for the next quarter of an hour to untangle the infernal thing from my hair. I could see no hilarity in such a predicament, but I learned then that my father had a sense of humor, especially with children.

This is not the first or last time that this would happen. I have heard of similar experiences from others. Usually the other way around, not on themselves, but

others. When making these gadgets for my children I could never resist the temptation of demonstrating on a window pane the rattling noise it made, but always admonishing them to keep it away from their heads.

**Grandfather Rhinesmith.** My first recollection I have of my Grandfather Rhinesmith was when he came to visit us at Elmdale. I must have been about two-and-a-half years old at the time, as it was during maple sugaring time—late February or early March. I remember him as being very affectionate to my brother and me. He would hold my brother on his lap by the hour and play with him. Theron must have been a pet of his, and I never found room on his lap as Theron was always on it. So it seemed, anyway. Sometimes he would take both of us up onto his lap and listen to the very important things I had to say and politely give his comments, meanwhile playing with my brother and chucking him under the chin. Perhaps this was my first experience of jealousy that I was aware of. I was downright resentful of my brother and I didn't care who knew it.

It was during this visit that a much talked about event occurred. I myself do not remember it happening; I only remember my father's often repeated tale of it.

It was customary for my mother to have graham crackers around the house to give to us boys as a snack when we were hungry between meals. Graham crackers then were very cheap and were sold in bulk. Five cents would buy about a pound. It was on one of these occasions when we got a graham cracker for a snack that my grandfather's curiosity got the best of him and he asked my mother what she was feeding us. She replied, "graham crackers." My grandfather, from the backwoods of White Cloud, lived mostly off the forty acres he homesteaded, and his economic status denied him any such thing as a manufactured product of the food line. He exclaimed: "Graham crackers! What's that?" My mother explained the best she could that they were made from graham flour and sugar. She handed him one to try. Tasting it, he was delighted. He said it no doubt was the best thing he



Leonard Clemens, thirteen months old, in 1912.



had ever tasted. He even rated it above cookies.

The next morning he went to Elmdale, straight to the general store. He was not content to buy a small sack of anything so delicious. He really went out and splurged. He bought a whole dime's worth, figuring that he could give what was left to my mother for us boys, but he was going to get his fill of graham crackers before anybody else got near them. He spent the next few hours sitting by the stove and visiting with others who usually gathered in the store and talked over everything in general, meanwhile munching on his delicacies. Upon leaving the store he did what any woodsman would do. Instead of taking the long way around by the road, he dead-reckoned straight south and went through the field and into the woods. On going through the woods he noticed that Steve Custer had already had his maple trees tapped and had the wooden buckets hung on them. They were all about a third full and partially frozen, thus concentrating the sugar in the liquid that remained. In this state it makes a very delightful drink when one is thirsty—which my grandfather was after eating so many graham crackers. He drank his fill.

Now most everyone at that time, including my grandfather, knew that maple sap in this stage had a diarrhetic effect on the bowels if taken in too large amounts, but what my grandfather didn't know was that the composition of graham crackers at that time had the same effect. And it was not long until the forces of nature became manifest. First, the distant rumble of thunder; then the sharp pangs of lightning; and then the earthquake, as he put it. I quote the words of my mother: "Straight out of the woods he came, barely slowing up to set the sack of crackers on our low, one-step porch and going to the outbuilding." He barely made it. There the deluge came. The poor gent spent as much time there as he did in the house that day. It was a very traumatic experience for him. From that day hence, you could not interest him in a graham cracker, even if a Double Eagle were baked in it.

**The Medicine Cabinet.** Every home at that time had a special remedy for all ailments. Some of

them were: Swamp Root, Golden Petals, Father John's, Lydia Pinkham's for women, and many, many others. Lydia Pinkham's was a complete mystery to me. I never could figure out why a certain medicine would work on women and not on men. This left a stigma on me for some time as I would not taste or touch the stuff for fear of being turned into a woman or girl. Our medicine cabinet (if you could call it that) consisted of Goosegrease for congestion and colds, sulphur and honey for a blood purifier, Carbo salve for cuts and abrasions, and Mandrake Bitters. Now the first three were at least tolerable, but the latter was something else. When I think of it I am reminded of Mark Twain who contemptuously said of



Great Grandmother Clemens, with daughter Mazie (Clemens) Glick, ca. 1910.

patent medicine: "It would scald the guts of his aunt's cat." Up until that time it was no doubt the most potent medicine that had ever been made. One dose (tablespoon) would make you forget any stomach cramp or pain you ever had. Its side effects were worthy of mention too. For a meal or two afterwards anything you ate, drank or smelled tasted like Mandrake Bitters. It probably was a good insect repellant too, as the slightest amount of this bitterness in the bloodstream would discourage the most ravenous mosquito. We children soon learned that any complaint of a tummy-ache would bring out the big brown beast from the cupboard and we would face a far

more horrible fate than the affliction. Instinct told us to suffer in silence, and in this way we survived.

With a little time and imagination I no doubt could conjure up a concoction on my premises that would be just as effective, if not more so, than any of the so-called patent medicines that were on the market in the early part of the century. All I would have to do is get a large iron kettle and fill it nearly full of water from the race and set it to boiling. Now I would dig up a few sassafras plants growing around the place and throw them in the boiling water, add a handful of spicebush, pull up some of the weeds growing around the premises, and throw them in, roots and all. Then I would add a half bushel or so of mulberry leaves and bark because some Indian said it was good for the eyes. I taste it. It's not bitter enough so I get an armful of wild cherry twigs from our tree in the back yard and add it to the mixture. So far, so good, but I still have twenty or thirty ingredients to go. Ah! I spy the garbage can. Science tells us that we throw away most of our vitamins anyway so I dump it in. By now the kettle is overflowing so I ladle out a few gallons of liquid and throw it away and let the rest simmer a few hours. Now I would bottle the liquid, put fancy labels on, and with a lot of hokey advertising I would have a fortune at my feet, were it not for the Pure Food and Drug Act.

The above description may sound a little far-out, but if you are ever fortunate enough to run across a patent medicine bottle with the label on it, read the ingredients and you will see that I have not exaggerated, particularly if it was from the 1910 or thereabouts era. Patent medicine makers worked on the theory that everything was good for something; hence, the more ingredients, the more far-reaching curative benefits. The most tragic thing was that the masses were beguiled by it and many manufacturers of patent medicines became wealthy. The masses are still beguiled, else Geratol would go out of business overnight.

In the late Twenties or early Thirties (I don't remember which) a book was published called *One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs*. It exposed the farce of the patent medicine trade and bears out all that I have mentioned above.



**Recollections.** I can recall many incidents of my early childhood while we lived at Elmdale, although time has erased the full details of many of them. One incident sticks in my mind more than any other; it was the time we went to my first auction sale. I remember what I thought was a great crowd of people standing around two men. One had a pencil and tablet, and wrote things down on it. The other was going through some mumbo-jumbo and gestures which I did not understand. The people responded by yelling out something or putting up their hand time and time again, then carrying off some article such as an axe, hoe, shovel or whatever the article may have been. It was all very strange to me. I couldn't figure out why they didn't go to the general store and buy the articles there in the first place. I remember two men almost getting into a fight over what I think was a plow.

My father didn't get into the act until they got to the dishes. There was a set of dishes consisting of plates, cups and saucers, large platters, bowls, and a creamer and sugar bowl. My mother had been eyeing them enviously from the time we got there. My father made the first bid and that was it. Whether friends and neighbors knew our financial status and would not up the bid, I do not know. All I remember is that my mother was overjoyed and my father had a smirking grin as if he had got the best of a shrewd business deal. I seem to have a faint recollection of helping my father carry straw from the barn to pack the dishes in the buggy box. It seems reasonable that I did, as the roads we had then were not like the ones we have today, and any traveling on them without such protection would have proven disastrous.

When we got home, I remember my parents carefully removing the dishes from the buggy box and setting them on the porch. Next my mother proceeded to wash them and arrange them in the cupboard, setting her old ones on the floor, where they sat for a few days. I do not recall exactly how long, but remember sometime later after returning from someplace that we were visiting, my mother said to my father, "When are you going to get rid of these old dishes?" My father

said, "I'll take care of them right now." Then he did what I thought was a very strange thing. He pried off several boards from our porch and proceeded to put the old dishes under the porch, then nailing the boards back on. I could not figure out why we took perfectly good dishes (even though they didn't match) and dispose of them this way.

Herein was the beginning of a great mystery which took me over fifty years to solve. It was some years later after we moved to Indiana that I asked my mother why we buried the dishes under the porch. She did not recall our doing such a thing. I was puzzled as I know that we did. Years later, while my father was confined to his bed before his death, I asked him if he remembered when he buried our old dishes under the porch. By then I realized that this was a simple method of disposing of an unwanted article and didn't expect him to remember. He didn't. I then asked him if he remembered going to a sale and buying some dishes. He replied, "Yes we did, but you, Leonard, could not remember that because Theron was just a baby then and you would have been only about a year and a half old and you just remember us talking about it." That settled it. I know that my father was mistaken on his dates, or I had one of the most remarkable memories of all time. I said no more as one does not argue with a dying parent on such a trivial matter as this.

It was in the year of 1951 that I took my family on a week's vacation. At that time I decided to drive through Elmdale and show my family the place where I was born. I had no difficulty in finding the place, although the buildings were all gone (removed soon after my parents moved to Indiana). In their place was a large clover field with the creek running to the east of it. I got out of the car and crawled through the fence and made for where I thought the barn had been. My reckoning was correct, for when I stopped and looked at the ground I found old rusty nails, hinges and so on. I then walked to where I remembered the house being and looked in vain for pieces of potsherds. Reason told me that when they moved the house away they had

no way of knowing of the dishes under a few inches of soil, but a plow and harrow would expose them even though they would be broken. I was very disappointed and had some doubts whether my memory was playing tricks on me.

It was in 1968 when we again were in the vicinity of Elmdale. My sister Marj was along and she wanted to see where she was born, as she did not remember where it was. I drove to the place and helped my wife Verna and Marj through the fence and proceeded to where the barn was. We found it much the same as I did some years earlier, rusty nails and all. We then went to where I thought the house had stood. I again started looking for broken pieces of dishes, explaining to Verna and Marj about my recollection of burying the dishes under the porch. The three of us looked the ground over (an area about fifty feet square), and found nothing. I was dejected. I was standing where I thought the front porch had been, and meditating—"a mystery within an enigma" is how Churchill would put it.

Meanwhile Verna and Marj had wandered off in another direction. After a few minutes they called me over and showed me a small piece of a dish that might have been a bowl. We looked the ground over and found other bits of broken china. It was very difficult going as the field was no longer clover but was more like a pasture with lots of grass and weeds. We soon came to the main source of the fragments but it wasn't until Verna came up with the handle of our old cream pitcher that I was sure of our find. I don't know if my elation showed or not but I did know at that moment what an archaeologist feels when he runs into a rare find. Here I had been looking at the wrong place all the time. If I had moved another thirty or forty feet to the northwest I would have found it myself the first time.

Since then I have never doubted a person's recollection of events of their childhood even though they would be my own children or grandchildren, for what seems important to them at the time may seem very trivial to us and we soon forget all about it.

I have heard of other instances since then of people reaching back into time and recalling incidents in



their lives. I remember one time when Mickey Rooney was interviewed on television that he recalled the first time that he was put on the stage when he was just two years of age.

**Going to the Circus.** I recall the day when my parents were talking about the circus in Grand Rapids—"Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Bros." as it was called then. In later years they dropped the "Barnum and Bailey" from their name. I remember my mother asking my father if he would take me, as I was now old enough to enjoy it. He said that he would if she got me ready, since he had to get into his good clothes himself. Now at the time I had no idea what a circus might be and as my mother was dressing me I asked her. She replied, "You will just have to wait and see."

I remember my father and I walking up the railroad track to Elmdale. When we arrived at the depot my father talked with the station master for a little while and then we proceeded to walk west on the track that led to Grand Rapids. In a little while I became very tired and my father noticed it and put me on his shoulder and carried me a ways when we heard a train whistle back of us. My father quickly carried me to the side of the track and returned to the center of the track to wait for the train to come into view. When it did my father proceeded to flag it down, the customary practice in those days when trains did not run on a strict schedule. After boarding we finally arrived at our destination. Nearly everyone on the train got off and started walking to where there were a lot of people and a large tent with a lot of small tents around it. There were long rows of caged wagons with all sorts of strange animals in them. I was awe-stricken. I never dreamed that so many different animals existed.

Finally my father took me into a large tent where there were other animals that were strange to me with the one exception of the horses. My father took me over to the other side of the tent to look at some of the larger animals. We were standing behind a large crowd of people awaiting our turn in viewing the animals there. When our turn came

I certainly was not prepared for what happened next. A huge arm like the limb of a tree reached out to me just as I noted four legs the size of a tree bole. I looked up, and there towering above me stood an animal that looked as large as our barn. Certainly much taller than our house. I was terrified. I quickly dropped the handful of peanuts that my father had given me and ran behind him and grabbed his legs and buried my head in them. After a few minutes my father and another man in the crowd finally got me calmed down and got me bold enough to feed the elephant a peanut. My first few attempts were a failure, as each time the elephant would reach for the peanut with his trunk I would quickly drop the peanut and jerk my hand back as if he were going to bite me. I finally succeeded in dropping a peanut into his trunk and joining the many thousands who fed this great animal, said to be the largest animal in captivity at the time (not to be confused with "Jumbo," who was brought over from England by P. T. Barnum; for the great "Jumbo" had died about fifteen years prior to this time).

From here we went to the big tent for the main performance which was ready to begin in a few moments. After we were seated I looked around. The place was jammed with people. Up until this time the most people I had ever been with was at a church service. I will dispense with what followed, as circuses then were much the same as now—maybe not quite as elaborate, but following the same general pattern. One incident I would like to mention though, happened about midway through the acts. The ringmaster came to the center of one of the rings and shouted in a loud voice a long speech which I did not understand. When he was through a loud roar went up from the people and another man walked up to him dressed like one of the trapeze artists, all the time waving at the cheering crowd.

Years afterward my father told me that he was the newly-crowned heavyweight champion of the world, Jess Willard, who had just dethroned Jack Johnson in Havana for the title the month before. Back in those days a fighter didn't make a million dollars or so in a fight, so he sought means as this to supplement

his income. I remember him as a huge man. The ring announcer was himself a large man, but Jess stood a head over him. This was in the year 1915, making me the age of about four years.

The only other time that I remember my father taking me to the circus was after we moved to Goshen, Indiana. I am not certain what year it was, though I believe it was 1924. I remember that my mother did not go along, as she was carrying my sister Gertrude at the time. We were still living under the stigma that a woman carrying a baby should not be around strange animals for fear of marking the child. It was an old wives' tale, and strange as it seems some people still believe in it.

The circus was held a few blocks north of us in a large field between Eighth and Ninth streets, just west of where the Western Rubber factory is located. Our father took us three children and we were met at the entrance by a tall, gorgeous blond, painted and "dressed fit to kill" as the old saying goes. She walked along side of my father, patting him on the cheek and saying all sorts of endearing things to him while the people already seated howled with glee. Needless to say, I was embarrassed and furious with rage. Here was a hussy making love to my father while my mother was home pregnant with child. My sister Marj was very bewildered and started sobbing. My father picked her up and carried her while the woman consolingly said to her, "Don't cry honey, I'll be your mommy." Mommy nonsense! My deepest desire was to push her into our cistern the first opportunity I got. Meanwhile, my father was taking it in good grace and was laughing all the time which didn't improve my disposition one bit. After we were seated and the laughter died down, she went and sat down on the side of the ring and proceeded to take off a wig revealing a man's head under it. I really didn't know whom I hated the most: the him or the her. For a long time every time I thought of it I would picture all sorts of torture on him. I eventually accepted the humor of it; not so much the incident itself, but the severe blow that my dignity suffered.





Orville Clemens on a hunting expedition in Michigan around 1909.

**Zipfel Caps.** I remember one day when my mother hitched up our horse Jenny to the buggy and took Theron and me to Elmdale to the General Store to buy each of us a stocking cap (Zipfel caps as we called them). We had no trouble finding what we wanted. The only problem was finding one large enough. Back in those days a garment was made to last, and last they did. I was still wearing mine by the time I entered the fourth grade. Back in those days it was not customary to buy an article of clothing on a seasonal basis. When you bought a pair of shoes, you bought them large enough that they would just stay on your feet when they were buttoned up. You were expected to wear them until they fit and by that time they were worn out and you started the thing all over again. So it was with the Zipfel caps. My mother finally picked out two that suited her, one purple and one brown. Theron wanted the purple one because he thought it was the prettiest. I remember Theron when he sat in the buggy with his cap folded up so far that you could hardly see the Zipfel, his head tilted way back and squinting at me, saying, "Ich bein schoener aus dich" ("I'm prettier than you"). I don't recall arguing the point. Perhaps I realized that I looked as bad in mine as he did in his.

**Flesh Decay.** When I was around three and a half years old I had what was then called "flesh decay." I do

not know what the modern medical term is for it, but whatever it was, I had it. I remember early one morning my father taking my brother and me a mile or so south of us to one of our neighbors for the man there to pow-wow for me. As soon as my father had us in the house he left us and said that he would be back for us later on in the day. I thought it strange at the time as he was never in much of a hurry when he was around the neighbors. As soon as the people (Zook was their name, I believe) got settled, they brought out a box of toys to keep us amused until dinner time. As soon as dinner was over the man came into the living room with a long piece of string and proceeded to measure my wrists, neck, waist, legs, etc. He then tied the two ends of the string together, then passed it over my head and down over my body until it was lying at my feet. This he did three times. Then he took the string and carefully wrapped it around an egg that was uncooked and threw it into the stove which he had stoked well with hot coals beforehand and watched it for awhile. After a minute or so he turned to me and said, "You will be all right." The theory was, if the string burned before the egg burst you would be cured, if not, you wouldn't. I think it was just a simple case of malnutrition which often happens to small children on a low protein diet. I always had plenty to eat, although we did not have what you would call a varied diet. In fact I cannot recall suffering real hunger

pains in my whole life.

Our father picked us up late in the afternoon and told us that they had a surprise for us at home. I could not imagine what it would be. When we got home my mother was in bed with a small bundle by her side. Theron walked up to her and she opened the bundle and he looked in and said, "Wai est ein piggily" ("Why it's a little baby pig"). This has been a family joke for years. What it really was, was my infant sister Marj who was born early in the afternoon. This is one incident that I can pinpoint to the exact date: March 10, 1915, the date of my sister's birthday.

**A Harrowing Experience.** One incident that happened in my early childhood which is rather vague in my mind—I cannot explain why—was my first visit to White Cloud, Michigan. It must have been in the fall of 1915 as we had not yet moved to Indiana. Whether I slept most of the time on the way or not, I do not remember, but I do not recall much of the train ride but more of the arrival at the depot at White Cloud. My grandparents met us there with a wagon as they had no buggy. Their financial status denied them such a luxury. I remember our traveling out of White Cloud on a narrow dirt road for a few miles, then we turned east on a lesser road which was just a single track through the woods. After a mile or so we met another wagon with a man on it. He maneuvered his wagon off of the trail and waited for us to pass. When we got even with him we stopped and my father talked with him for a while. I did not know then that my father was raised in this area and got his schooling here and that he was talking to one of his old schoolmates. After much twisting and winding through the woods we came to a clearing with an unpainted house on it and another small building which served as a barn. This was my grandparent's place which they homesteaded (forty acres). My grandparents had moved up here from Indiana in a covered wagon when my mother was twelve years old, taking about ten days doing so.

I do not remember too much of the visit but one thing which stands out clearly in my mind was when my



brother Theron nearly choked to death. One of the first things an early settler did when he homesteaded was plant fruit trees, and my grandfather did just that. By this time they were well-matured trees with plenty of apples on them. Theron had a taste for apples and was munching on one most of the time. On this occasion he took too large a bite and it caught in his throat. I remember seeing him waving his arms and his face turning blue. When my mother looked at him, she screamed and my father quickly took him outside the door, held him up by the feet and hammered him on the back with the palm of his hand. I recall the obstruction finally flying out of his mouth followed by blood and phlegm, which at the time I thought were some of his insides. He quickly recovered after they got him breathing again. Needless to say, I was terrified by the experience.

It was not long after this that my grandparents burned out at this place and moved to Pleasant Valley where there was an empty house to occupy. I do not believe they ever paid any rent, as owners of such property were glad to have any occu-

pant rather than have it stand empty, for an empty house will soon fall into decay and an occupant was good insurance for their investment.

This part of the state was very primitive at this time with a few graveled roads which served as arteries for travel. Most were just winding trails of two ruts through the woods which were mostly treed by white oak and tall, stately white pine. The white pine grew in abun-

dance then. It was the mainstay of building materials then because of its fine weathering quality. No one painted their houses because of this. No one built wire fences, for when they cleared the land they would pull the stumps and set them along the edge of the field and no horse or cow could find a way through the tangle of roots. There are some standing today, still defying the elements.

—To be continued

## Recent Publications

*Schmucker Smoker Smucker North American Gathering July 23-25, 1981, Smithville, Ohio. 1981. \$10.25. Order from John R. Smucker, 1189 Old Summytown Pike, Harleysville, PA 19438 or Silas Smucker, 1304 South 14th Street, Goshen, IN 46526.*

Schwartzentruber, Esther. *Genealogy of Jacob M. and Maria (Rudy) Bender, June, 1842-March, 1973. 1973. Pp. 52. Order from Daniel E. Hochstetler, 1008 College Avenue, Goshen, IN 46526.*

Peters, Katie. *Genealogy of Cornelius Willms 1730-1972. Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1973. Pp. 308. \$20.00. Order from Ernest J. Klassen, 467 Park Blvd. E, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3P OH2.*

*Genealogy of the Schoenwieser Janzens 1752-1979. Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1979. Pp. 205. \$15.00. Order from Ernest J. Klassen, 467 Park Blvd. E, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3P OH2.*

## John Horsch Mennonite History Essay Contest Report

1980 - 1981

Elizabeth Bender served as judge for the essay contest. In Class I sixteen papers were submitted; in Class II, nine; in Class III, three; and in Class IV, two. The results of the judging are as follows:

### Class I (Graduate and Seminary Students)

First: (Tie Between:) "Clara (Brubaker) Shank," by Priscilla Stuckey Kauffman (Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries) and

"The Hermeneutics of the Sword: An Investigation into Sattler, Denck and Hubmaier," by Sue Steiner (Conrad Grebel College)

Second: (Tie Between:) "Dora Shantz Gehman," by Nancy L. Kauffmann (AMBS) and "Eberhard Arnold: Community of Goods," by Lloyd N. Penner (AMBS)

Third: (Tie Between:) "Simulation on Oberholzer Division," by Steve Reschly (AMBS) and

"The Sleeping Preachers," by Mary Helen Schertz (AMBS)

### Class II (College Juniors and Seniors)

First: "A Mennonite Scholar, Edward Yoder (1893-1945)," by Timothy R. Falb (Goshen College)

Second: (Tie Between:) "A Study of Hutterite Women," by Mary E. Burkman (South Dakota State University) and

"The Mecca of Mennonitism: The Kauffman Museum," by Barbara Thieszen (Bethel College)

Third: "Founding Principles of the Congo Inland Mission," by Mark Shelly (Bluffton College)

### Class III (College Freshmen and Sophomores)

First: "Menno Simons' View of Atonement," by Kristel S. Shutt (Bluffton College)

Second: (Tie Between:) "Mennonite Response to the Nonviolent Black Movement of the Early 1960's," by Terry Hershey (Bluffton College) and

"The Puritan View of Anabaptism," by Pat Jamann (Bluffton College)

### Class IV (High School Students)

First: (Tie Between:) "The History and Beliefs of the Bible Fellowship Church," by Dorothy F. Boorse (Christopher Dock High School) and

"The Relationship Between the United States Government and the Mennonites During World War I," by Barbara Meyer (Goshen High School)

—Leonard Gross, Contest Manager



# Mennonite Historical Bulletin

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## Chronicling Our Mennonite History

The Archives of the Mennonite Church over the years has been attempting to gather all archival-type materials that chronicle the ongoing Mennonite story. Although the search for additional materials must continue, there are currently in the Archives more than a thousand discrete collections which together document quite well through primary source materials the total sweep of the history of the Mennonite Church. Several of these collections are important enough to be singled out and named—large collections which in themselves are a broad source of period documentation. Going from the most recent to the earliest, we have: the J.C. Wenger Collection (ca. 1930 to the present time and still continuing); the Harold S. Bender Collection (1917-1962); the Orie O. Miller Collection (1913-1977); the John Horsch Collection (1873-1940); the Jacob B. Mensch Collection (1863-1910 [microfilm only; original materials housed in the Mennonite Historical Library and Archives of Eastern Pennsylvania, Lansdale, Pennsylvania]); the John F. Funk Collection (1850-1929); and a smaller collection of scattered materials entitled "Early Correspondence and Papers" (1745-1899). Scattered smaller collections contain further significant materials from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (see the various listings in the Archives chronology index in the card catalogue), and include European as well as North American materials—indeed, Mennonite materials from many countries around the world.

The Archives also has an unusually strong set of unpublished documents from the Anabaptist era (1520s-1600), and into the seventeenth century. The Robert Friedmann Collection and a large microfilm collection of Anabaptist and Hutterian sources, brought together by John A. Hostetler, is central in this regard, although other smaller

collections contain significant materials as well. There is also a sizable collection of documents, 1520s-1800, in the Leonard Gross Collection (continuing).

All of these materials, encompassing over four centuries, make up one-half of the Mennonite research coin which is sometimes overlooked. The other half is, of course, the Mennonite Historical Library, located in the Good Library at Goshen (Indiana) College. (For an extensive listing of other Mennonite research centers in North America, see the Mennonite Yearbook for 1982.)

In this issue, *MHB* highlights another significant set of papers, the Peter Weber Collection, which now is filling significant parts of the Mennonite story, during the century just preceding the Civil War Era (1750s-1860).

Elizabeth Bender prepared the original calendar of the Weber Collection, demonstrating her well-honed gifts in deciphering old German script, and her abilities in summarizing and encapsulating historical materials. Mervin Horst, a student assistant at the Archives, has written the short introduction below, and has edited the listings which follow. Elizabeth Bauman finalized the editing process, and typed the listings.

—Leonard Gross

### The Peter Weber Collection

We know relatively little about the North American Mennonite era, 1750-1860, the century which precedes the birth of John Funk's *Herald of Truth*. There is scattered correspondence, but nothing to compare to later collections such as those of John Funk, Harold S. Bender, or J.C. Wenger. However, a major collection with a wealth of North American documentation has found its way to the Mennonitische Forschungsstelle (the Mennonite Re-

search Center) at the Weierhof, West Germany. It is called the Weber Collection, after Peter Weber (1731-1781), a Mennonite minister of the Palatinate who corresponded extensively with the Mennonites in Europe as well as with those who had recently immigrated to America. Weber also kept active contact with members of the Pietist movement which exerted a strong influence throughout much of Europe during Weber's lifetime. The entire collection goes beyond Peter Weber's years, and includes correspondence of his children and grandchildren as well, until around 1850. There are also other groupings of epistles that have been added to the collection.

The Weber Collection is being photocopied for the Archives of the Mennonite Church. Most of the letters dealing directly with North America are already available in the Archives of the Mennonite Church for research purposes. These include, for example, the extensive correspondence of Martin Möllinger, (modern spelling: Mellinger), Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Johannes Risser, Richland County, Ohio; as well as members of the Krehbiel family from Clarence Center, New York, and Lee County, Iowa.

The calendar listing that follows is an attempt to highlight the major points of each letter. Information given in each case, where applicable is: date, writer, receiver, and one or more points contained in each letter. Many other important details are omitted, details which help establish the spirit and substance of the era. The whole set of letters is strong in social history.

This calendar represents only a small portion of the entire collection. The remaining sections, which deal primarily with the European background, are being copied at the present time. They should be available soon at the Archives of the Mennonite Church to scholars (Hist. Mss. 1-536). This collection contains



valuable material for the scholar interested in South German Mennonitism of the late eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries in particular, and in the larger pietist movement and the Mennonites' relationship to it in general.

—Mervin Horst

### The Weber Collection (Hist. Mss. 1-536)

#### Box 1

##### Jacob Gross 1763-1774

1763 Apr. 10. Jacob Gross. To Peter Weber (?).

Description of migration to America. News of the Möllinger family. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1764 May 16. Jacob Gross, New Britain Twp., Bucks Co., Pa. To Jacob Hirschler, Spitalhof.

Religious turmoil in Pennsylvania, each church says that "whoever wishes Christ should come to them." Describes the innumerable amount of sects in the area. Greetings to the brothers and sisters still in Germany. (3 pp.) Transcribed.

1767 Dec. 28. Jacob Gross, Bucks Co., Pa. To Peter Weber, Hardenburg.

Long prayer serves as a greeting. Gross wishes to buy a certain Bible from a Mrs. Klein of Dürkheim. No formal division in Penn. but there are some "awakened or unhappy" members among the Mennonites. (8 pp.) Transcribed and translated.

1768 Dec. 15. Jacob Gross, Bucks Co., Pa. To Peter Weber, Hardenburg.

Gross thanks Weber for the Bible of Mrs. Klein which Weber sent by means of a visitor to Gross. Financial matters. "Written in great haste, but still out of love." (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1774 July 22. Jacob Gross, Hatfield Twp., Philadelphia Co., Pa. To Peter Weber, Hardenburg by Dürkheim on the Hard.

Gross writes that he may visit Weber's niece in Maryland, because she may live close to Gross' parents-in-law. Gross reports that he has been married for five years and has a son. Has bought a farm along the Bethlehem Pike, 25 English miles from Philadelphia. Asks about the unrest among the Mennonites. There are divisions in Pennsylvania, but they are still nebulous. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1777 (?) April. (Author?), Hayesville, Ohio. To Peter Weber, Hardenburg.

Pieties. (3 pp.)

#### Box 2

1823 Oct. 17. Weber brother-in-law, Kindenheim. To Jacob Neff in Allegany County.

Trouble sending letters with Ulrich.

Huthwohl also involved in scandal. This letter defends both Ulrich and Huthwohl. (3 pp.)

N.B. The rest of the materials in Box 2 deal with the European Mennonite scene.

#### Box 3

##### Martin Möllinger 1755-1844

1755 Month? 19. Joseph Möllinger, Zweibrücken. To (?) someone in Germany.

He is not a member because Bachman preaches only externals, mostly dress, and is severe church disciplinarian.

[A famous clockmaker family visited by Gothe some years later. EHB.]

Apparently a Mennonite in an Amish community. He has brought Mariechen (Marie Schmitt), the sister of Peter Weber's wife, intending to marry her, but cannot because he is not a member. He makes other generous provisions for her as his housekeeper. (3 pp.)

1756 June 27. Joseph Möllinger, Zweibrücken. To (?) (Jacob Dester mentioned in most letters.)

Reasons why he cannot marry Mariechen, even to avoid gossip. (4 pp.)

1756 July 17. From Joseph Möllinger.

Announces the arrival of Mariechen and thanks for books. (1 p.) Transcribed.

1759 Sept. (?) 25. From Möllinger to (?).

Mention of marriage. (3 pp.)

1759 Sept. 25. Martin Möllinger, Mannheim? To (?).

The addressee has caused a division in the church. Four men appointed to examine him. Möllinger urges him to make a sincere confession to heal the breach. (8 pp.)

1759 Oct. 31. Martin Möllinger, Mannheim. To Johannes Groff.

Peter Weber (recipient of preceding letter?) has made a written retraction. Möllinger asks Gross to get several members to accompany him to ask Weber to remain silent for several weeks. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

1763 Oct. 13. [See typed copy.] Jakob Möllinger, Zweibrücken. To Peter Weber.

A new home to be acquired for J. Möllinger (as preacher?), a room in which is to become a meeting place—in Ernstweiler. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1770 Jan. 21. Mölohinane (?) Möllinger, cousin of Martin Möllinger, Ruchheim. To Peter Weber, Hardenburg.

Prospects of settling in Cleves. The Duke has issued a "patent" for settlers. (4 pp.)

1778 July 5. Joh. Weber, Kindenhäusen [heim] bei Bockenhäusen [heim] near Worms.

Writer has moved from Zweibrücken to his new address. Hints of church difficulties in Zweibrücken. He is a weaver. (3 pp.)

1780 Month? 21. David Möllinger, Monsheim. To Peter Weber.

Concerning awaited baptismal certificates. Transcribed.

1783 Apr. 27, Easter. Johannes Weber, Kindenheim. To a friend, Maria Möllinger, Lancaster County.

Asks her to tell Jakob Gross that his father, Peter Weber, Hardenburg, died. Conflicts between Peter Weber and Jacob Hirschler. (3 pp.)

1787(?) Apr. 12. Johannes Weber (brother-in-law married to M's sister Charlotte), Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County.

Cousin Johannes Möllinger has gone to Poland instead of America. Greet my cousin Maria Weber, wife of Christian (?) in Lancaster County. (2 pp.)

Undated. Carl Möllinger. To brothers and sister, Maria, Kindenheim bei Bockenheim, three hours from Monsheim, Palatinate.

Mentions death of Peter Weber. Describes his living conditions in America. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1787 Apr. 15. Johannes Weber, Kindenheim. To M. Möllinger, Lancaster County. Business matters concerning inheritance. (2 pp.)

1794 July 6. Christian Möllinger, Monsheim. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim. Farm business. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1798 May 17. Johannes Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Account of suffering from war in the Palatinate between French and Germans. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1807 Mar. 14. Monsheim.

Encloses letter from Martin Möllinger. Signed "Möllinger." (1 p.)

1807 July 31. Martin Möllinger. To his cousin.

Christian Wenger brought the following letter (next entry) from his wife, Martin Möllinger's cousin. Describes war in America. (1 p.)

Another enclosed letter, possibly from Martin Möllinger. [Difficult to untangle the senders and receivers.] (1 p.)

1807 Aug. 7. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To his sister and brother-in-law Johannes Weber.

Local news. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1813 Nov. 2. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Financial matters. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1815 May 7. Johannes Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County.

Family matters. (7 pp.)

1816 Feb. 26. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber.

Personal matters: inheritance, health, war, etc. (4 pp.)

1816 June 24. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Two letters stapled together. (1) Johannes Weber signs document stating that he has received the inheritance. (2) Martin Möllinger encloses (1). (4 pp.)

1816 Sept. 1. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber Kindenheim.

Failing health. Business. Arrangements for

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sister Mariechen. (6 pp.)

1817 May 7. Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger and sisters-in-law.

Peter Ulrich [mentioned in previous letters] is making his eleventh trip to America. Business matters. Several letters mention pietist Jung-Stilling's works. Famine conditions prevalent. Thanks for American aid. (6 pp.)

1817 Dec. 12. From Martin Möllinger (?), Lancaster County.

Page three mentions a number of local Mennonites by name. (4 pp.)

1818 July 1. Kindenheim.

1819 Jan. 9. (8 pp.)

1818 Oct. 21. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes and Charlotte Weber.

Family affairs. Relatives, Neff, from Germany settling at Pittsburgh. (4 pp.)

1818 Oct. 27. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Strohm.

[Hard to decipher] (4 pp.)

1819 July 2. Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Peter Ulrich has been at "the Harmony," but has returned. Dubious business deals in Philadelphia. [The language has become rather typical Pennsylvania-German.] (4 pp.)

1819 Aug. 9(?). Martin Möllinger, [apparently Lancaster County.]

Family matters. (1 p.)

1819 Sept. 6. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

So many coming from Germany. Conditions unsettled. Stauffer family to Mt. Pleasant, Pa. Others to Wooster, Ohio. Some regret leaving Germany. (4 pp.)

1820 Feb. 19. Johannes Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger. [letter began]

1821 Jan. 17. [letter completed]

Decline of Kriegsheim congregation, defections to Mission and Bible Society. More about Ulrich. (5 pp.)

1820 Feb. 29. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Bottom of p. 1, about Brotbrechen in seven congregations; Diener zum Wort ordained; separated members readmitted. Bottom of p. 2f., writing a petition to the President in behalf of Ulrich in prison. Jacob Näff has moved forty miles away to "Jacobs Krück." (4 pp.) Already transcribed.

1820 Mar. 19. From Martin Möllinger.

Mostly about some questionable debts to be paid for unknown relatives (?). (1 p.) Already transcribed.

1820 Apr. 23. Martin Möllinger. To Johannes Weber.

Mostly about the confused affairs of Ulrich, who has been imprisoned and released by presidential pardon. (4 pp.)

1821 Feb. 20. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber.

Story of publication of hymnal, 1804, 1808; third edition of 4,000. (4 pp.) Already transcribed.

1821 Oct. 2. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber.

Church news. (4 pp.) Already transcribed.

1822 May 25. Martin Möllinger. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Mariechen very ill. (3 pp.) Already transcribed.

1822 Sept. 5. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber.

Mariechen died August 25. (4 pp.) Already transcribed.

1822 Dec. 1. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber.

Some visits to congregations also in Canada. (4 pp.) Already transcribed.

1823 Jan. 10. Martin Möllinger. To Johannes Weber.

Trouble with New Mennonites. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

1823 Mar. 14. Martin Möllinger, Lampeter Twp. To brother-in-law Weber.

Finding a way for Johannes Finger to send a letter to Germany. Hütwohl and Finkenauer are in prison. Johannes Herr begins meetings in his own home. [Beginning of Herrites?] Death of Henrich Möllinger in the poorhouse. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1823 Sept. 20. Johannes Weber (?), Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Herr and Herrites. Hard times: cold winter, no snow, plague of mice, etc. (4 pp.)

1823 Dec. 29. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Jacob and Christina Burkholter, Ibersheimerhof.

She has apparently written her cousin Martin Möllinger of their hard times, and Martin Möllinger is able to help. (4 pp.)

1824 Jan. 3. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Weber.

More on how to get aid to the cousin—Burkholter. (4 pp.)

1825 Mar. 5. Martin Möllinger, Lampeter Twp. To Johannes Weber.

Personal matters. Fifty-two years in America; 72 years old, March 9, 1825. (1 p.) Transcribed.

1825 Apr. 19. Martin Möllinger. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Asks help in getting aid to Burkholter. Troubles of Peter Ulrich. Church matters; Old age interferes with writing. (6 pp.) Transcribed.

1826 Mar. 6. Jacob Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Death of Johannes Weber. (4 pp.) Already transcribed (see penciled note on this transcription).

1826 Aug. 28. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Johannes Rieser (?).

Describes wife's illness. Journey (on horse) through ten counties visiting congregations and serving them—462 (?) miles. Much on church affairs. (4 pp.)

1826 Sept. 4. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County.

Family greetings. (1 p.)

1828 Feb. 13. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Charlotte Weber.

His wife's last illness and death, and his current favorable living conditions. (4 pp.) Already transcribed.

1828 Apr. 1. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Charlotte Weber.

Wills money to her. Method of transfer described here. (4 pp.)

1828 July 17. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Charlotte Weber, Kindenheim.

Financial affairs. (4 pp.)

1829.

Receipt for money for Burkholter. Signed Jakob Weber. (1 p.)

Charlotte Weber. To Martin Möllinger. Financial matters related to wills and inheritance. (4 pp.)

1829 May 19. Charlotte Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Thanks for money; family matters. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1829 Aug. (?). Charlotte Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Financial matters. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

1830 Apr. 16. J. Weber (nephew), Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Includes a note from his sister Charlotte. Ulrich no longer able to carry letters; too old to make the trip. Thanks for gift of \$600. Health conditions and accidents in the family. Charlotte ill. Very cold, crops damaged. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1830 Apr. 25. Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Conclusion missing? Financial matters. (3 pp.)

1830 Nov. 29. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Charlotte Weber.

Money matters, deaths, baptisms. Asks about the German church. (4 pp.)

1831. J. Weber (?).

Part of a letter of 1831. Handwriting is that of J. Weber. Answers questions about money transfer. (2 pp.)

1831 Apr. 2. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Charlotte Weber.

Financial matters. Visits with Peter Eby to other congregations to serve communion and baptism. Interesting paragraph on family affairs and foster son Billy. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 June 25. J. Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Weber's sister and family emigrating to America—Johannes Risser. Financial matters. A daughter of Weber is named Charlotte. (6 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 Aug. 14. Jakob Weber, Kindenheim. To his cousin Möllinger (?).

J. Risser, wife, eight children coming to America. Möllinger to help him find his brother. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 Dec. 23.

Receipt of money from M. Möllinger. (2 pp.)

1833 Jan. 2. Martin Möllinger. To his relatives Katharina and Johannes Risser, Richland County, Ohio.

Encloses a note from Buffalo. Description of land purchased in Ohio. Brother Jacob's gangrene. Names a number of ministers. (4 pp.) All transcribed.

1833 Apr. 15. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To his sister Charlotte Weber.

The Weber children are mentioned by name. Johannes Risser frequently mentioned in these later letters. Brother Jakob's gangrenous foot came off. Long account of illness and healing. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1833 Sept. 18, 19. J. W. [Jakob Weber], Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Troubles of and with Jakob Krehbiel. Many emigrants. Financial affairs. (5 pp.) Transcribed.

1834 Apr. 14.

A note from Jakob Leisy concerning money matters. An enclosure from M.M. dated April 14, 1834. Financial matters. (2 pp.)

1834 May 20. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To his sister Charlotte Weber.

Their brother's suffering and death. Poverty of some recent immigrants. Brother Jacob's will. (4 pp.)

1834 June 3. Martin Möllinger to ?

No place (Lancaster County?). Pious opening, but not the typical Mennonite one. Received twelve copies of *Spiegel der Taufe* reprinted by Jacob Gottschall. Long resume of book. November 13, 1833—a comet? Comments on Last Times. Comments on Jacob Risser's discontent with everything. Personal matters. (4 pp.)



1834 Aug. 15. Martin Möllinger. To Charlotte Weber.

Correspondence on financial matters. Wants to consider it settled. (3 pp.) Transcribed.

1835 Jan. 6. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To his sister Charlotte.

Gives each of her children \$100. Age, 82. Financial matters, legacies, etc. Interesting account of Jakob Risser's pioneer achievements. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1835 Feb. 14. J. Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

A letter from J.W. to M.M. was stolen from Jacob Risser's trunk at Lancaster. Family matters. Charlotte can walk only a few steps. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1835 Apr. 10, and Apr. 15. Martin Möllinger. To Charlotte Weber.

Family matters; his health failing. (3 pp.)

1835 Sept. 10. From nephew at Kindenheim? To Martin Möllinger.

Family matters, death of oldest child. (6 pp.) One page of transcription.

1835 Dec. 18. J. Weber. To Martin Möllinger.

Death of J.S.'s sister. Financial matters. (5 pp.)

1837 June 3. Martin Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Charlotte Weber and sons.

Physical evidence of aging. Nearly blind. Pioneer conditions in Ohio.

1837 June 13. M. Möllinger, Lancaster County. To Jakob Weber.

Much about aging; thinks this may be his last letter. (7 pp.) Transcribed.

1839 Apr. 18. From Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Charlotte's death; unable to walk for three years. Age 78. Two-year-old daughter's death. Division in congregation; dissatisfaction with Molenaar. (7 pp.) Transcribed.

1841 Sept. 6. Kindenheim.

Notes for a letter to Martin Möllinger. Lists death dates of a number of close relatives. (2 pp.)

Undated. From Möllinger. To Jakob Weber (?)

About a delayed or straying letter. (1 p.)

Undated.

Note to J.W. about inherited money. (2 pp.)

Undated. From Martin Möllinger.

Partial letter. He has been deceived by Ulrich (?) or Hütwohl (?). He mentions his children by name. (3 pp.)

Year? March 18. From Martin Möllinger. To Johannes Weber.

Ulrich affair. (2 pp.)

1825 ? Sept. [unlikely date] J. W[eber]. To Martin Möllinger.

About Hütwohl affair. Family matters; times are hard; rents increased. (4 pp.)

1826. From sister Charlotte, Kindenheim (?). To Martin Möllinger.

Forty-two years since he left home. Thanks for all his help to her family. (2 pp.)

Date? Charlotte Weber, Kindenheim. To Martin Möllinger.

Thanks for help. Thanks for caring for brother Jakob. (2 pp.)

Undated.

Financial settlement between Charlotte's children. (1 p.)

European correspondence to the Weber family having information about Martin Möllinger.

1830 Nov. 29. John Jungling. To Charlotte Weber.

He encloses a letter he has received from Martin Möllinger. As soon as he comes into his inheritance he will pay her \$400. (2 pp.)

1831 May 17. John Jungling, Frankfurt. To Charlotte Weber.

About money to be received from America. Has not come into his inheritance yet. Letter from America was enclosed. (2 pp.)

1828 July 19. Emanuel Neuschwanger, Darmstadt. To Jakob Weber, Kindenheim.

Encloses money. (2 pp.)

1829 Jan. 23. Emanuel Neuschwanger, Frankfurt. To Jakob Weber, Kindenheim.

News of relatives. Has received a letter from M. Möllinger. (3 pp.)

1829 Mar. 2. E. Neuschwanger, Frankfurt. To Jakob Weber, Kindenheim.

Sending grape vines home. (2 pp.)

1829 Mar. 12. Peter Ulrich, Waldorf. To Charlotte Weber.

Sends a package of letters for Neuschwanger. (2 pp.)

1815 Apr. 24.

Peter Ulrich left letters here. Recipients named. Financial record. (1 p.)

1829 Aug. 10. Kindenheim.

Receipt from Jakob Weber II. (1 p.)

Undated. George Finkenauer. To Johannes Weber, Kindenheim.

Asks Martin Möllinger's widow to transfer funds to someone in Germany. [G.F. has been in prison for getting money under false pretenses.] (3 pp.)

Undated.

Funds left to Johannes Risser by Martin Möllinger. Receipt. (1 p.)

#### Box 4

#### Johannes Risser and following generations 1758-1844

1822 Mar. 12. Jacob (Gross?) (Neff?), Westmoreland County. To Johannes Risser.

Writer's journey to America. Health and death of friends. People are as ungodly as over there, but less thievish. Martin Möllinger helps with advice and deed. (4 pp.)

1832 June 18.

Contract of purchase of land: Jakob Weber II with Johannes Risser and wife. (3 pp.)

1832 July 1. Jakob Weber (brother), Kindenheim(?). To Johannes and Katharina Risser.

Mostly about money for the Risser from Martin Möllinger. (6 pp.)

1832 July 4. Katharina Risser, Frankfurt. To father, Jakob Weber II and family.

Beginning of journey to America. Farewell to relatives. Is cheerful and well. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 July 14. Katharina Risser (sister), Bremen. To Elisabeth Leisy.

Travel account to Bremen. (5 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 July 18. Johannes Risser, Bremen. To Elisabeth Leisy, Friedelsheim.

Send letters in care of Martin Möllinger. Enroute to America. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 July(?) 31. Johannes Risser, Neu-Isenburg(?). To Jakob Weber II, Kindenheim.

On journey to America. Money matters. Misfortune of other would-be immigrants. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 Oct. 28. (Early in 1833?) Johannes Weber(?). To sister and husband.

Family matters; publication of certain news. Accidents and deaths. Visit to Friedelsheim ("We missed you.") New hymnal. War, French invasion. Weather. Has written to M.M. about repayment of money. No ending; no signature. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1833 Feb. 14. Katharina Risser, no address (Ohio?). To Charlotte Weber, Kindenheim; her mother, Martin Möllinger's table, etc.

She misses old home, but they are very happy here. Abundance of everything. New house. Request for needed items. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1833 Mar. 31. J.W. [Weber?], Kindenheim. To sister and husband in America.

"Please write." Relatives waiting for good news from you, to sell here and emigrate. Mariechen adds, "Don't let the wild animals hurt your children." (7 pp.) Transcribed.

1833 Apr. 17. J.W. [Johannes Weber?], Kindenheim. To sister and husband.

Departure of relatives [J. Risser?] to America. Letter concerning accident to Jakob Möllinger. Visit of three Americans [recent immigrants?]. Defense of J.K. against charges in America. Weierhof has sent a full account to Lapp. Financial, inheritance. (5 pp.) Transcribed.

1835 Aug. 28. No signature, [J. Weber?], Kindenheim. To sister and husband, Johannes Risser.

The family has had much sickness; whooping cough lasting three months. Death of Mariechen. Eye infections. Prices, crops. Money matters. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1835 Aug. 28.

Private letter added to the preceding. Opposes disinheritance of I.W. [Jakob Möllinger?]. Objects to [Risser's] severe charges against Martin Möllinger for not including them in the settlement of Jacob M's estate. Risser should not have asked for contributions for building a church. Few funds have been received. Should not have kept themselves separate from the American Mennonites. Risser's questionable use of funds. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1836 June 1. J.W., Kindenheim. To Johannes Risser.

Illness and death of Mariechen. Funeral sermon by Weidmann. Disposal of inheritance. Weather, health, crops, etc. (7 pp.) Transcribed.

1837 May 21. No signature [J. Weber?], Kindenheim. To sister and husband [Johannes Risser?].

Household goods left by Mariechen shipped to Risser. (5 pp.) Transcribed.

1838 Apr. 4. No signature, address or salutation. [Probably sent from Germany.]

Family financial matters. (13 pp.)

1838 Apr. 4. J.W. [No signature]. To sister and husband [J. Risser?].

Health of family members; money matters and Mariechen's goods. Death of friends. Weather, crops. End of letter missing. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1839 Apr. 24. Jakob Weber, Kindenheim. To Johannes Risser(?), brother-in-law.

Death of mother, division of estate. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1840 Month(?) 21. To sister and husband.

Money matters. (7 pp.)

1841 Sept. 6. Jakob Weber, Kindenheim. To (?).

Financial. (2 pp.) continued next issue



## From Elmdale to Goshen

by Leonard Clemens

**We Move to Goshen, Indiana, in 1916.** What prompted my parents to move to Indiana is something I am not really clear about, since I never questioned them in later years as to what their motive was in doing so. I wish I had, because I could now be more informative on this subject. I gather from bits of conversation that my father made in later years of his life that it was for economic reasons. Even though he had only five years of education, he felt that he had a higher calling than to be just a tenant farmer. Machinery was in his blood and he wanted to be a machinist above anything else.

It was in March of 1916 that my parents decided to move to Indiana. President Wilson had just served two months of his second term, having won it the previous November on the slogan "He kept us out of the war." We were then already making preparations for war and there were some jobs open in Goshen. Perhaps this is why they decided to make the move then.

I do not recall looking forward to making a new home at another place at the time. If my parents had tried to prepare me, it did not register, as I was in for a shock later. All I remember was that we took the train for Grand Rapids and waited in the Union Station for a long time for another train to Elkhart, Indiana. While we were waiting for our train my father took us boys for a walk around the town—or rather, the city. It was a large city then already, although it was much different from the way it is now. All the streets were paved with brick and the sidewalks were paved with square ornamental brick, designs sometimes varying from one block to the next.

It certainly was a noisy and smelly place. There were nearly as many horsedrawn vehicles as there were cars and trucks. There were uniformed policemen on every corner directing traffic and the din was terrific. The clip-clop of iron-shod horses' hoofs on the pavement, the roar of these ancient motors in the cars and trucks and the yelling of the drivers at their horses was enough to waken the dead. The smell of horse

manure and exhaust fumes was everywhere. Most of the horse manure was at the intersections where the horses would have to stop and await the policeman's signal to go. It was here that we had to cross, and we had to zig-zag our way across the street. During the night they had crews to clean it up. I always wondered what they did with all their horse manure.

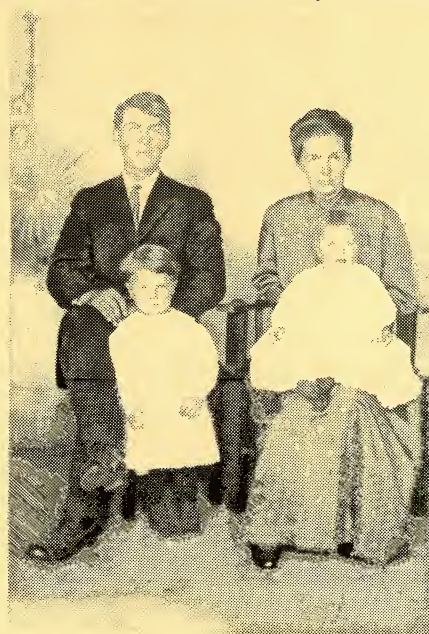
Monroe Avenue looked like a huge canyon with its tall buildings on each side of the street. We were suddenly confronted with a pleasing smell of freshly baked bread. Soon we came to where it was and my father went inside and bought a large sack of rolls. We then went back to the station where we all ate some of them for lunch.

Our train for Elkhart was ready for boarding soon after we had eaten and we were on our way. The first thing I noticed was the strange sound of the whistle. We were on a spur line of the New York Central and their whistle was much different from the Pere Marquette which I was familiar with. I did not like it but I was to hear it very often in the years following. I soon must have fallen asleep as I do not recall much of the ride to Elkhart. It was dark when we arrived and all the lights were on. Another train was standing on another track leaving off steam. We quickly boarded this train for Goshen, my father carrying us boys and my mother carrying my sister. I was dead tired and remembered nothing until I woke up the next morning in a strange house.

When I refer to strange I mean just that. In my eyes it seemed like a mansion (actually only six rooms). After I got up and was dressed I went to the front window and looked out and was immediately shocked by what my eyes beheld. Houses everywhere I looked! Across the street were two boys playing. One was riding a tricycle and the other was pulling a wagon. They were William Long and his brother Earl, who later became playmates of mine. My mother, sensing my curiosity, told me to go out and play with them. There was no snow on the ground but I remember there was quite a bit

of frost from the night before; otherwise it was a very pleasant day. I shyly walked across the street and stood watching them. They stopped what they were doing and looked at me. After a moment or so I asked them what was that thing they were playing with, as I had never seen one before—meaning the tricycle, of course. They stood looking at me with their mouths open just as their father came out of the house. He talked to them in a lingo which I did not understand and all the time they were jabbering to him in the same tongue.

About that time my father came over and introduced himself to the boys' father and they talked for some time. They later became very close friends. My father explained to me that they talked English and could not speak the German as we did. I already knew that there were other languages but up until that time I thought everyone could speak German. He encouraged me to play with them anyway. I was too disillusioned at the time to do so, but Theron, who came along with my father, was no so affected. He stayed with them while I returned with my father. I went back and looked out of our front window, which had squares of colored glass leaded in around the clear pane in the center. Nearly all of the houses in that section of the city had such a window, and many are still in today. I heard



Orville and Mary (Rhinesmith) Clemens, with Leonard (3½ years old), and his brother Theron (1½ years old), in 1914.



the unfamiliar whistle of the New York Central train in the distance and thought of old Jerry. I did not know why I felt as I did but I was already homesick. I was just a stranger in a foreign land with people who did not know how to talk right.

**Winifred.** The next day while I was playing in our back yard I was met by a smiling girl who lived in back of us. She was the daughter of Ed Chapman, a butcher by trade. They also had a son, Vernon, who was a little older than his sister. By now most of the children in the neighborhood knew of our handicap with the English language, having been informed by their parents. Her smile won me completely. She must have been six or seven years of age as she was already going to school. While she stood there smiling she pointed to me and said "Leonard" (she already knew my name!) and then she pointed to herself and said "Winifred." She motioned for me to follow her to her house, which I did.

I was met by her mother and she was a darling. She went to the cupboard and got a cookie out of a jar and said "cookie." As I reached for it she held it up out of my reach and repeated it. I soon got what she wanted me to do and said "cookie." This was not difficult as that was what we always called them. She held up different items and called out their names and I would respond the best way I could.

I guess Winifred thought this was a pleasant game and took over herself. We went about naming all sorts of things; thus through her and the help of my parents I and my brother soon learned the basics of the English language. Winifred was one of the kindest, sweetest, most unselfish girls I have ever known. She never bought any candy unless she could share some of it with us. She let us play with anything she had. We are still very good friends. I asked her a few years ago when we were visiting at her home if she recalled the game we played, going around naming things. She said she couldn't but remembers us while we lived there. Today we refer to her as Winnie.

**Pearly.** Another girl, a neighbor of ours who was a little nearer my age, lived just west of us in an old shack overgrown with bushes and

weeds. I guess the tenant left them grow to hide the condition of the house. As I remember they seemed to be rather elderly people and had a young girl living with them. The man's name was Jakie Meyers and the girl apparently was named Pearl but we always called her Pearly.

Poor Pearly for some unknown reason to me was one of the unfortunate children who had to be raised by her grandparents, and whose grandmother was retarded and antisocial. Whenever any of us would go into the house she would run over into the corner and sit on a stool she had there and mumble to herself. She did no housework of any kind or any cooking; in fact she did not do anything but sit and stare out of the window. Consequently anything that was done around the house was



John Weierich, Shipshewana, Indiana, Amish uncle of Leonard Clemens' mother, ca. 1890.

done by Jakie and a little girl who was hardly old enough to know how to go about it. With a condition such as this the inevitable usually happens: first, despair; then indifference; then shoddiness; then the ultimate, filth.

Such were the conditions in this household when we moved into the neighborhood. For some reason or another, Pearly adored my mother and spent much of her time around our house. I think perhaps she saw in my mother a mother she did not have herself. The feeling was mutual, as my mother loved Pearly too. There was one problem though. Pearly had head lice. It was not long until the manifestation of the plague became apparent in us children.

This was the last straw. All of us kids, along with Pearly, were herded out into the back yard where a dishpan of warm water with a little kerosene floating on top was waiting for us. In this way we were all purged of the pestilence.

This was not the end of the story, but only the beginning. My mother with her German stubbornness did not believe a job was done until it was seen through to the end. She took Pearly into the kitchen and filled the washtub full of warm water and made us boys go outside while she proceeded to scrub Pearly down. Later when we were allowed to come back into the house we found Pearly sitting in a chair with a blanket wrapped around her while my mother was washing out her clothes in the bath water. Such a transformation! Pearly was positively radiant. Gone was the melancholy look about her. In its place was a beaming smile which she seldom had had before. While her clothes were drying on the line outside, Pearly said that she did not think that all of this would last long as she believed that her bedding and the house were also infested. My mother said that perhaps they could do something about it. Right then and there the plot was hatched. They appointed a day for the cleansing.

I don't remember whether it was the next day, or the day after, but I do remember carrying buckets, brooms, rags and a mop over on the appointed day. At first our efforts were hampered by the slovenly old creature that lived there. I thought my mother was going to back out of the bargain, but there were assurances from Pearly that she would not do anything—perhaps protest, but that would be all. Pearly proved correct, for when the old woman saw that we meant business she retired to her corner, muttering to herself with her unkempt hair draped over her shoulders.

The first thing my mother did was take the bedding off the beds, wash the sheets and cases and hang them out to dry. She then proceeded to sprinkle the mattresses and pillows with sulphur as a deterrent to vermin. Meanwhile Pearly and we boys were gathering up unwanted litter that had accumulated through the years and carried it outside and put it on a pile among the weeds. My mother then was ready for the Her-



culean task of cleaning up the place. She was well qualified for the task, for she was young and tough. She mopped the floor until the grain of the wood showed up. Pearly and we boys had a bucket of suds-water and were scrubbing the kitchen table and chairs.

Next came the windows. I will never forget the first small panel of glass that my mother washed. I have long since been in caves, and after spending a few hours in them and having the eyes become accustomed to the darkness, the brightness upon returning to the opening of the cave was always astounding. The effect of this small window was much the same, for the light from it seemed to burn a hole into the room. As each pane was washed it grew larger until the whole room was filled with light. I remember my mother's making some remark that we should have done this first; we would have had better light to see what we were doing. The only light we had before was through the open door. When all the windows had been washed the house gleamed with light. What had literally been little more than a cave was now a place of habitation. When my mother and we boys left, Pearly was sitting on a chair by the table with a weary but satisfied look on her face as though this was a personal triumph for her. She had every right to feel so, for no girl ever worked harder than she. From that moment on, Pearly became a housekeeper because someone loved her enough to show her how.

Later that afternoon my mother had some misgivings as to what she had done at the Meyers place. She was not sure how Jakie would take her intrusion on his property. When my father came home she told him what she had done. He told her not to worry about it as Jakie was too kindly a man to take any offense. My father was right, for Jakie came over about a half hour after he got home and handed my mother a five dollar bill and said it was not nearly enough but it was all he could afford. Five dollars then was a goodly sum of money and my mother told him that no pay was necessary and that five dollars was too much anyway. The poor man was in tears and kept insisting that she take something for her efforts. Finally they agreed on a much lesser sum. I have long since wished that she

would have refused to take any compensation from him, for whether she realized it or not, at that moment she was the richest woman in the world.

A few days later Jakie was out with a sythe cutting down the weeds around his place. As long as we lived there I can't remember their place looking like it did before—all this because somebody cared.

Where is Pearly now? Is she still alive? If so, does she still remember me? I wonder.

**Going to Church.** One thing I missed on moving to Indiana was a conveyance to get around in, since we no longer had a horse and buggy as we did when we lived in Michigan. So consequently, everywhere we went, we went on foot. This was not always as easy as it may sound, even though Goshen was a city of about 8,000 at that time. It still stretched from Wilden Avenue on the north, to Goshen College on the south, making it about two and a half miles in length.

Weather permitting, it would not have been too much of a problem to walk a mile to take the trolley to the College, which had the only Mennonite church in Goshen at that time; but the return trip with three tired and hungry children would have been something else; besides, our economic status did not permit us the luxury of using the trolley that much. Our alternative was to attend the services at the Church of God which was located just east of us, even though their service was different from that of the Mennonites. And different it was. Gone was the simple solemn service which the Mennonites are so well known for. In its place was what I would call high emotionalism. Everything was based on emotion. Even the "sermons" were a series of long emotional admonitions on the virtues of a good life, and the rewards of the unrighteous, amid the cries of "Amen," "Halleluia," "Praise the Lord," etc. Their hymns were of the same type, such as "Throw out the Lifeline," "Gimme that Old Time Religion," etc. To this day I am unmoved by any so-called hymn lacking the elements of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving. Some of them I downright dislike.

*To be continued.*

## Book Reviews

*Eine Wurzel: Tennessee John Stoltzfus.* By Paton Yoder. Lititz, Pennsylvania: Sutter House, 1979. Pp 180. \$10.50 hardbound. Purchase from Ada Nancy King Box 160A, R.D. #1, Atglen, PA 19310.

Author Yoder dedicates this book "To the memory of my father, Silvanus Yoder, who never let me forget that I am a Stoltzfus." I too remember Silvanus well as a gentle but yet striking man who stands out in my recollection despite the fact that he was but one of hundreds of people that I met in the course of my years in the Goshen, In. area. This book focuses upon the ancestor who is a credit to all the succeeding generations. It is no surprise that the assembling of the details that constitute this story prompted the author to declare that "writing the biography of my great-grandfather has been the most enjoyable task of my entire life." Not incidentally this book also stimulated a slightly prickly editorial in the *Gospel Herald* (August 5, 1980) that raised disquieting questions about the church's handling of innovations. What is one to do with a patriarch who dares to acquiesce with the preference of several of his own grand-daughters for immersion baptism rather than the pouring method which the Mennonite Church had used and defended for centuries?

*Eine Wurzel* (A Root) is a story filled with drama—even though it is a homespun life that is being chronicled. Professor Yoder, dean of Hesston College for many years, had put his gifted pen to work previously (1969) on a larger canvas when he wrote a fine account of the inns of the early midwest, published by the Indiana University Press of Bloomington under the title *Taverns and Travelers*. This, on the other hand, is a family piece, whether the phrase is understood to describe Yoder's primary audience as Stoltzfus or as Amish-Mennonite.

This book's eleven chapters will appeal variously to different interests. I found chapter seven, entitled "Volliger Armendiener," especially fascinating. Those with a predominant genealogical bent will find other chapters rewarding.



Yoder's commentary upon and condensation of Tennessee John's leadership galvanized my attention with his allusion to Moses and the Exodus. He said, "The descendants of Tennessee John tend to think of him as a kind of modern day Moses who took his family . . . to a new land and there immediately assumed spiritual leadership, built a meeting-house with his own money on land which he donated, established a congregation, presided over baptisms and communions, and called for the ordination of someone to assist him." A more sentimental and nostalgic descendant would have been content to leave the reader's impression with this since it would reflect so positively upon himself. But Yoder is more realistic and immediately places the facts in a more balanced light: "Eventually John did all of these things, but the process was much slower than the above statement suggests, and through it all [Tennessee John] maintained a low profile as a leader." To Yoder's credit, it must be said that his chief subject is no less notable for this.

The book is handsomely hard-bound and includes many pictures and excellent appendices though, sadly, no index. The reader will need to keep on his toes as he reads lest he confuse the generations at times due to the recurrence of same first names. *Eine Wurzel* is a substantial and personable contribution to the American Mennonite story. —Gerald C. Studer

## Recent Publications

Burkhart, Menno B. *History of the Eli M. Burkhart and Elizabeth G. Brubacher Descendants*. Brutus, Mich., 1981. Unpaged. Order from author, 8200 A Woodland Road, Brutus, MI 49716.

Dueck, Peter G., et al. *Lowe Farm Bergthaler Mennonite Church 1905-1980*. Lowe Farm, Man., 1980. \$8.00. Pp. 48. Order from Lowe Farm Bergthaler Mennonite Church, Box 124, Lowe Farm, Man. ROG IEO.

Eash, Joe and Thomas Miller. *Family Record of David J. Kauffman and His Descendants 1859-1981*. 1981. Unpaged. Order from Marvin J. Miller, 8918 Coventry Road, Indianapolis, IN 46260.

Fyock, Karen and Alvera Luettig. *Pfife-Dahlem*. Freeport, Ill., 1981. \$10.00. Pp. 126. Order from Mrs. Donald Luettig, 110 Coates Place, Freeport, IL 61032.

*Genealogy of Berend Dyck 17 -1965*. Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1966. Pp. 198. Order from author, 145 McPhail Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R2L IN2.

Goering, Mrs. Martin M. and John O. Schrag. *The Peter P. Kaufman Family 1824-1981*. North Newton, Kan.: The Mennonite Press, 1981. Pp. 120. Order from Martin M. Goering, Route 2, Moundridge, KS 67107.

Hansborough, John W. *History and Genealogy of the Hansborough-Hansbrough Family with Data on the Hanbury, Gerrard, Lash, Devous, Davis, Wathen and Bell Families*. Austin, Tex., 1981. Pp. 277. Order from author, 2014 Travis Heights Blvd., Austin, TX 78704.

Herr, H. Elvin. *Memories of a Country Mennonite Deacon*. Goshen, Ind., 1981. Pp. 62. Order from Susan Herr Burkholder, 64034 U.S. Hwy. 33, Goshen IN 46526.

Hershberger, Larry, et al. *Edwin Hershberger 1880-1965*. Sykesville, Md., 1980. Pp. 45. Order from Jean H. Hershbergerr, 6460 Taper Court, Sykesville, MD 21784.

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# Mennonite Historical Bulletin

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## As I Remember

By Harold A. Brooks

### The beginning of Mennonite worship services in Arizona, and the organizing of the Sunnyslope Mennonite Church.

*The first congregation to emerge in Arizona, continuing to the present time as part of the Mennonite Church, is the Sunnyslope Mennonite Church, Phoenix, Arizona. The year was 1946. Events leading up to the birth and subsequent growth of this Mennonite presence in Arizona are captured below by Harold A. Brooks and his wife Maxine Martin Brooks, along with an account by Levi M. Burkholder taken from Desert Winds (February 1956), a monthly publication of Sunnyslope.*

*The Harold Brooks family moved to Arizona already in 1943. Before 1943 there had been, to be sure, isolated Amish families living in Arizona, whose presence, however, never eventuated in the formation of Amish or Mennonite congregations. Mission work among the Hopi Indians at Oraibi also was begun by the General Conference Mennonite Church in 1893, which continues to this day. A short-lived Mennonite settlement had also been attempted in 1918 at Sahuarita.*

*These families took themselves seriously enough to initiate Sunday worship services. They wanted to "do things properly." They sought the counsel of the larger church body. They kept careful records of the ensuing congregational process, so that ten years later in 1956 the congregation could speak about the "miraculous" growth of Sunnyslope. And central in this whole process was the Harold Brooks family—as noted in 1956 in Desert Winds by Levi M. Burkholder: "The Harold Brooks family had shown their hospitality to the group by inviting them to their home for morning and evening worship services, until another place of worship was available." In 1956, Sunnyslope membership totaled 130; in 1982, 254 (David W. Mann, pastor.)—Leonard Gross*

We as a family moved from Pine River, Minnesota, the last week of February 1943, to Phoenix, Arizona, hoping to improve my arthritic condition with sunshine and much heat. I must say after three years my health did improve so that I was able to perform my duties as a builder with less difficulty.

During the first year or so we were not aware of other Mennonite people living in the Phoenix area. Therefore we found Christian fellowship with people at the First Baptist Church in Glendale, Arizona, just six miles to the east.

In the fall of 1944, through the efforts of Brother Nevin Bender of one of the eastern conferences, Bishop Michael Zehr of the Pigeon River Congregation at Pigeon, Michigan, found his way to our home—looking for a Mennonite family to stay with and hoping to get relief from severe

chronic asthma attacks. Brother Zehr lived with us for about three months before going to Florida to be with his daughter, the Jacob Esch

family.

During his stay in our home an article appeared in the *Gospel Herald*, telling of Brother Zehr's Phoenix address. Soon Chris Brunk came to our door, having known of Barbara Zehr Esch in college.

Brother Zehr's stay in Florida was very short. His asthma soon returned in the very humid Florida climate and he returned to Phoenix with Brother Jacob Esch. After recuperating a short while, Brother Zehr purchased a small house in Sunnyslope, a desert community north of Phoenix, about ten miles from the center of the city.

Later, after deciding that the desert conditions were better for his health, Brother Zehr returned to Pigeon, Michigan, to discharge his duties as bishop and gather some personal belongings. He again headed for Arizona, where he established permanent residence. The asthma attacks remained persistent and later in 1945 he passed away in a Phoenix hospital.

Some time later the Jacob Esch family came to Phoenix to Brother Zehr's cottage on Cave Creek Road. Those of us living in Arizona gathered together on Sunday to worship and others began arriving from far and near. Among some of the first people to assemble together were the Jacob Esch family, Harold and Mae Brooks, the Amos and Carrie Kropf family and Melinda, and Clifford and Maxine Martin and daughters.



The Sunnyslope Congregation, February 1946, meeting at the Harold A. Brooks home, 115 W. "C" Avenue, Glendale, Arizona.



We would alternate, meeting in different homes for services. With others coming from Oregon and Idaho, we numbered about 26. In the fall of 1945 other people began coming.

In December 1945 our family moved into a new home in Glendale, Arizona, just six miles to the west. We invited our group to worship in our home the first Sunday after moving in, because we had more room for a service. To our surprise, instead of 26 people, there were 85 present. The group remained large throughout the winter. By this time there seemed to be enough people staying year round that steps were taken to organize a congregation.

—January 30, 1982

### Organization Developments of Sunnyslope Congregation

First Business Meeting held at the Brooks' home February 5, 1946, with Fred J. Gingerich as chairman and N.A. Lind as assistant, both Brethren being representatives of the Pacific Coast Conference. Devotions were led by Menno Esch, Fairview, Michigan. Minutes of previous meetings were read by the group secretary, Jacob Esch. Reports of legal aspects of the organization of a church in the state of Arizona were given by N.A. Lind. Elections at this meeting resulted as follows: Trustees, Harold Brooks, to serve as chairman for one year; Amos Kropf two years; Alfred Martin to serve three years. Albert Hershberger as Secretary-Treasurer. The Building Committee consisted of the trustees, Secretary-Treasurer, and Jacob Esch, and Eldon Hamilton. Brother Joe H. Yoder was elected to serve as Pastor for the new congregation, and to perform the duties of a Bishop in case of emergency in the absence of a Bishop. Brother Fred Gingerich was chosen to serve as Bishop. The group to become "Charter Members" numbered fif-

teen. An appeal through the *Gospel Herald* for funds to erect a worship building was made by the Secretary. A.M. Hershberger.

February 15, 1946, the first shovelful of ground was removed to begin the building project of a worship building. A prayer was offered by the chairman Harold Brooks, for God's guidance, blessings, and sanction upon this project. February 27, the congregation voted to name the new place of worship as the "Sunnyslope Mennonite Church." In March the worship took place in the Joe Yoder house, which was under construction, until May 26 when the first worship service was held in the unfinished worship building. April 14, Sunday School reorganization elected were as follows: Sunday School Superintendent Melvin L. Ruth, Chorister Paul Landis, Assistant Jessie Hamilton. They were also to lead in the church worship singing. December 9, 1946, First Annual Business Meeting, Chairman Harold Brooks. Motion was carried that Y.P.B.M. be limited to 1½ hours, 50 minutes for the children and young peoples meeting, and 40 minutes for preaching. Motion was made to have a Summer Bible School the following summer, carried. Elections were as follows: Trustee three years, Harold Brooks; Secretary-Treasurer, Albert Hershberger; Summer Bible School Superintendent, John William Boyer; Church Chorister, Manford Miller and Eldon Hamilton, to serve one year. Sunday School Superintendent, Manford Miller, and Amos Kropf as assistant to serve six months; Secretary-Treasurer, Gayle Yoder and Alta Fern Hochstetler, assistant. Sunday School Chorister, Ethel Boyer; Malinda Kropf, assistant. Y.P.B.M. leader, Allen Erb, six months.

March 10, 1947, a special meeting was held in honor of the appeal to Conference for aid in strengthening and stabilizing the work here, and we praise the Lord for His guidance and strength in this matter. During

1947 five men served as Sunday School Superintendent and assistant and three served as Y.P.B.M. leaders.

by Levi M. Burkholder  
Excerpted from *Desert Winds*

### Sunnyslope Minutes February 5, 1946

In Meeting regularly assembled at the home of Bro. and Sister Harold Brooks, Glendale, Ariz., where Tentative Organization was effected, the following brethren and sisters subscribed their names as Charter Members:

Harold A Brooks  
Mae M. Brooks  
Albert M. Hershberger  
Ruby F. Hershberger  
Eldon L. Hamilton  
(Mrs.) Jessie M. Hamilton  
Joe H. Yoder  
Ina A. Yoder  
Gayle J. Yoder  
Phoebe Pearl Yoder  
Clifford Martin  
Maxine Martin  
Alfred H. Martin  
Barbara Martin  
Lydia M. Beiler

### The Martin Family History in Arizona

by Maxine Martin Brooks

Clifford and Maxine Martin, with their children Fyrne and Twyla, arrived in Phoenix, Arizona, in December 1944 and stayed for three months. While in Phoenix we lived in the cabin of Michael Zehr who lived there until his death in July 1944. We returned to our home in Columbiana, Ohio, in March 1945.

Clifford and daughter Fyrne felt better in Arizona so we moved from Ohio in October 1945, accompanied by Clifford's parents. We purchased a home at 6347 North Seventh Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

*Continued on page 8*

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## Life in Goshen: the 1920s

by Leonard Clemens

World War I. Late in 1917 we moved to South Tenth Street, just south of Purl Street. We were in World War I at that time, having entered the conflict the previous April. We lived there for the duration of the war. I well remember some of the inconveniences we had to endure at this time, including the rising prices of bread and meat. Sugar was almost impossible to purchase and if you did get any, it was usually the dark brown type. It finally became so scarce that we reverted to molasses. I remember going to the store for my mother, only to find that prices were always higher than the previous time of purchase. We did very little canning of fruit that year. During that time a sugar substitute made from corn came on the market. As I recall, it looked a little like a coarse cornmeal. When one put it into cocoa, it would sweeten it, but only about half of the "sugar" would melt. When added to oatmeal, it would give a crunchy texture. Eventually, we ate our oatmeal with a little oleo and salt on it. I still like it that way.

I heard it said in later years, when Herbert Hoover was running against Alfred Smith, "He [Hoover] starved us during the war and will do it again." Hoover was food administrator during World War I and President Wilson said of him: "He is one of the most able men I have." I do not know of anyone in our circle of

friends who actually went hungry at the time, but we did experience inconveniences and high prices. I heard my parents talk about it all the time.

There were other stress periods at that time. I remember coming home from school, which had just begun the month before, and finding my mother crying, along with my brother and sister. She told me we had received a letter from the draft board and that my father would have to go into the army. I was at the point of tears myself.

When father came home that evening, he was not too upset about it, as he thought the war was reaching its climax and would not last much more than two months. Even if he were inducted into the army he assumed he would not leave the country. As it turned out, he was exempt from military service because he had a family to support. He was also right about the war being nearly over—about a month and a half later the Germans surrendered.

It was a day I will never forget. I was getting ready for school when the factory whistle across from us started blowing and church bells ringing. My mother felt that something was amiss, and surmised that the war was over. This was confirmed when my father came home from work. There was a great deal of jubilation but after about an hour it became an old thing, as the whistle

at the Kelly Foundry across the street from us kept on blowing. The din of it nearly drove the neighborhood insane. It finally died down and stopped. The silence was overwhelming. When our shattered nerves finally were settling down, it started up again. It turned out that they had run out of steam and were building up a good head of steam during the lapse. After about a half hour of this, the temper of the neighborhood rose to the point of taking up arms and declaring war on the Kelly Foundry. It was only after a delegation of men from the neighborhood called upon them that they shut it off completely.

**Mennonites on Eighth Street.** Shortly after this we moved to South Eleventh Street where Reynolds Street intersects. We lived there until the following June (1919), when we moved to 1143 South Eighth Street. This house was located on the corner of Franklin and Eighth streets. These streets were not yet paved.

It was here that I spent some of the best years of my life. I had not a care or responsibility in the world. Our neighbors in this block were all Mennonites except one. The house to the north was soon occupied by Elmer Kauffman and family, who belonged to the Church of the Brethren. Their children were Paul, Esther, and Russel. Next to them lived J.S. Hartzler, a Mennonite preacher who later accepted a call from the Prairie Street Mennonite Church in Elkhart. The house was then occupied by Emma and S.C. Yoder who had three children: Myron, Margarete, and Laverne (Mrs. Carl Hostetler). Those were no doubt the kindest and most gentle people I ever knew. I was awed by S.C. Yoder as I was told by my parents that he had been a cowboy in his younger years. I could not understand how such a gentle man could come from such a rough profession. Later in life I obtained two of his books: *Horse Trails in the Desert* and *The Days of My Years*. Reading them gave me new insights about who he really was.

I visited him during his declining days at the Greencroft Nursing Center. He barely remembered me, but thanked me for coming and asked me to come and see him again. I said I certainly would try. I never got the



The Elmer Kauffman home, October 1920 (today, 1121 South Eighth Street). To the left, the Clemens home (today, 1123 South Eighth Street); to the right, the Sanford C. Yoder home (today, 1119 South Eighth Street). S.C. Yoder was president of Goshen College from 1924 to 1940.



chance to return, for he passed away soon after. He was one of the greatest men I have ever known and I consider it a privilege to have known him.

One incident that is worthy of mention involved their dog Curley. It was a white Spitz, as I recall, and belonged to Laverne. The dog did not like me too well, so I would take pot shots at it with my BB gun. Of course it liked me less after that. I soon saw that I was getting nowhere with this method and abandoned the project. I hope I have been long forgiven for this childish prank.

Next to them lived the Daniel Gerig family. He was a professor at Goshen College and their children were Daniel Jr. and Alice (her husband was Dr. Martin).

Inez and Charlie Hostettler lived in the next place. He ran the feed store, where the Farm Bureau now is located. They had two daughters, Retha (Mrs. Paul Kauffman) and Thelma (Mrs. Harold Schrock).

Next to them lived E.J. Zook, a professor at Goshen College, and his family. Their children were Barbara, Paul, and a younger daughter whose name I do not recall, although I believe it was Ruth.

Across the street lived the Mel Yoder family. He worked at the Goshen Milk Condensery. I do not remember all of the children but the ones I do were Grace, Mel Jr. and Eldon.

The house south of them was the Menno Landis place and their daughter Fern (Umble) lived with them. Her husband died in the great flu epidemic shortly after World War I, leaving her with two children, Richard and Carol.

The next house south was the William Hallman place who was a relative of mine as he married a Clemens [Beatrice]. They left soon after we moved into the neighborhood and moved to Saskatchewan. The house was rented to some people by the name of Kurtley for a short time. It was then purchased by John Eigsti who moved here from Tiskilwa, Illinois, because he had children of college age. His children were Vernon, Alice, Wilmer, Arlene and Linus. Linus was about a year and a half older than I but we were inseparable until we entered high school.

The next house south was the Frank Ebersole place. Frank was

business manager and treasurer of the Goshen Milk Condensery. They had two daughters, Mary and Anna (Mrs. Kenton Garman). Mary died when she was quite young—if I recall correctly she passed away while she was in college. Mrs. Ebersole (Lavona) took a liking to me as I liked flowers. She had the best flower gardener in the neighborhood, and I would spend a lot of time looking at her flowers. She would give me plants and I would set them out in a little plot along the fence in our backyard which our landlord, Rudy Senger, helped me prepare. He took as much pride in it as I did.

The house directly across the street from us was the Josiah Weaver place. His wife was a great aunt of mine. I don't know how we were related, but my father always called her Aunt Katie.

**College Mennonite Church.** This rounded out our neighborhood of which I have many pleasant memories. We all had one thing in common—we were all Mennonites. It was a good, clean, wholesome neighborhood. We all attended church and Sunday school at the College Administration Building. I learned a lot about the Bible there in my youth.

When I was about eleven or twelve years of age my Sunday school class had a large placard with all of our names on it followed by a lot of spaces. The idea was to learn Bible verses and recite them in class for which you would get a red star

after your name. If you memorized a whole chapter, you received a gold star. I was progressing well enough, getting red stars, but I had no gold stars, whereas there were a goodly number of them showing up on the card, especially from the girls. Usually they were Psalms, such as 1, 23, and 100. One of my teachers, E.J. Zook, suggested that I pick Psalm 19, which I did. I labored on this Psalm for about three weeks until I was saying it in my sleep. Finally the Sunday came when I was going to present it. I told the teacher that I was going to recite Psalm 19. When she turned to it she said, "It is a rather lengthy one; do you think you can handle it?" I said I thought I could. When I got to the lines, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer," I let out a sigh of relief. I had made it. The teacher said, "That is wonderful! I think that merits two gold stars." I felt very proud. The next Sunday three girls came in and wanted to recite Psalm 19 so they could get two gold stars.

About this same time, my Sunday school class put on a little play, to be presented on a certain Sunday evening. The details of the play are rather vague to me now but it seemed that it was a story about a virtuous young girl (played by Dorothy Zook) who had a choice of any one gift that Satan would offer her. Satan appeared to her in numerous ways such as Power, Wealth, Fame, Fortune, etc., each



Some of the Mennonite children on the Eleven-hundred block of Eighth Street, Goshen, behind the Eigsti home (today, 1116 South Eighth Street), in the mid-1920s. Some of the children are: Leonard Clemens (back, right); Paul Zook (back, next to Leonard); Marjorie Clemens, sister of Leonard (back, left). Robert Kreider, Gerald Kreider, and Gertrude Clemens (sister of Leonard) are in the front row, the third, fourth, and fifth from the left, respectively.



one played by a different character. My lot fell on Fame. When the teacher or director of the play handed me my part to memorize, my eyes caught the word Fame, and type-written below it the skit started out, "I am Fame . . . ." I was immediately offended. In my ignorance, I thought that Fame was feminine, as I had a distant cousin by that name. When it was explained to me that Fame was the noun form of famous, I readily accepted. I memorized and learned my lines well. When the night of the play arrived, I had one problem. I did not know what the play was all about, as we had had no rehearsal. (If there had been one, at least, I was not present.) We were all seated in the front row and the play started. Each one of us held a prop, symbolical of our part. Mine was a crown cut out of cardboard with one side of the cardboard gilded with gold.

Dorothy played her part well, rejecting each one of the gifts offered to her. I think it was Paul Zook, representing Wealth, who carried a small chest that was supposed to be full of gold. After his oration on the benefits of wealth she shrank back in horror and rejected it also. Now it was Fame's turn. Fame walked boldly onto the dais and started out, "I am Fame; I bring you a crown of gold. With it goes power, honor," etc. When Fame was finished she took it from his hand. Ah! so this was what she was seeking. Our heroine held the crown in her hand as she went through a lengthy discourse on Fame's being a prideful thing and ended up saying, "Here Fame, take your crown" and handed it back to Fame. Fame stood there dumbfounded and took one step backwards. Our heroine advanced further, still holding the crown with outstretched arm. If Fame had not been such a dumb dolt, he would have taken it and retired, adding a great deal of drama to the play. Instead, he looked down to the director who was standing up with the manuscript in one hand and motioning with the other to take it. Fame shrugged his shoulders and took the crown and retired to his seat very mortified while the rest of the cast was grinning and snickering at him. Needless to say, Fame's doom as a future actor was sealed that night.

*To be continued*

## The Weber Collection

*Continued below (see the January MHB for Part I) is the calendar-listing of those parts of the Peter Weber Collection (ca. 1750-1860) which deal in some fashion with the North American Mennonite scene. —L.G.*

### The Weber Collection Hist. Mss. 1-536

Box 5

Risser Transcribed Letters  
Without Originals.

1833 Jan. 6. Johann Risser, brother-in-law, Richland Co., Ohio. To Jakob Weber II, Kindenheim.

First letter from new home. Lengthy account of voyage. Visit in Martin Möllinger's home, 23 days. Interesting description. Settling in Ohio. [Apparently all one letter.] (66 pp.) Transcribed.

1837 Feb. 19. Johannes Risser, Hayes Cross Roads. To mother, brother-in-law and sisters-in-law.

Problems with German school. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 July 21. David Rothen, teacher, aboard the *Elisabeth*. To Jakob Ellenberger, teacher at Friedelsheim.

Letter incomplete. Appended, a letter to Elisabeth Leisi from her sister Kath. Risser, July 18. Signed Joh. Risser. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 July 25. Catharina and Joh. Risser, on board the *Elisabeth*. To Jacob Weber, Catharina's mother and sisters.

An account of the first week of the journey. First part written by Catharina Risser, finished by her husband Joh. Risser. (5 pp.) Transcribed.

1832 Oct. 6. Katharina Risser, Lampeter Twp., Lancaster Co. To Jacob Weber II, Kindenheim.

Account of American journey by land. Affectionate picture of Martin Möllinger, her mother's brother. (8 pp.) Transcribed. [Published in translation in *Mennonite Quarterly Review*, Vol. XXX, No. 1. (January 1956), pp. 49-54.]

1834 Mar. 25. David Rothen, Richland Co., Ohio. To Peter Weber, Kindenheim.

Agreement with Ellenberger to publish Rothen's impressions. Settler's experiences. Expects to teach in proposed German school. (8 pp.) Transcribed.

1834 Oct. 20. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. To brothers-in-law, addressed to Jakob Weber, Kindenheim.

[A number of letters stapled together, letter 1, pages 1-12.] Bitter disappointment toward Martin Möllinger for not letting them spend the winter in his house, not encouraging M's brother to leave J.R. some money in his will, not granting them the use of some funds J.R. feels he has a right to. (12 pp.) Transcribed.

Undated. [Conceivably 1835 or 1836.] Johannes Risser. To Jakob Weber.

[Letter 2 of above group, pages 12-31.] Probably a reply to Jakob Weber's response to J.R.'s request for financial aid. Also a request for help, with bitter accusations. Replies to charges of extravagance. (21 pp.) Transcribed.

1834 Oct. 20. Mrs. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. To Marie (sister of Johannes Risser), Kindenheim.

[Letter 3 of above group, pages 32-35.] In reply to a letter of 1835(?); sympathy for her illness. Grief and resentment toward her brother, Jakob Weber, for rejection. Gratitude for help from Marie. More about Möllinger and hiring of maid. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1835 Apr. 27. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., O. To Peter Weber, Kindenheim(?).

Description of a wedding in J.R.'s home. Description of American wedding feast. The winter has been very cold. If they choose to immigrate, plans for receiving them, building, buying land, etc. What to bring to America. (12 pp.) Transcription.

1835 Dec. 16. [But on page 3 he recalls the year 1836.] Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. To his brother-in-law (Peter?), Germany.

Consolation on death of oldest son. Health of family members of Risser family. Long defense of J.R.'s handling of a financial obligation. Self-defense for appealing to friends in Germany for a combined church and school. Crops. (6 pp.) Transcribed.

1840 Jan. 23. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. To brother-in-law in Germany.

Health of wife and family. Arrival of related immigrant families. Requests next arrivals to bring a piano plus many other things. Greetings to "dear Molenaar." Financial matters. (4 pp.) Transcribed.

1840 Sept. 20. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. To brother-in-law (Peter?) in Germany.

Thanks for shipment of piano, etc., which son picked up in Cleveland. A cousin Johannes Risser arrives in Cleveland, very sick—"Gallenfieber." Weather and crops, insect pests. (3 pp.) Transcribed.

1843. Johannes Risser, Ashland, Richland Co., Ohio. To brother-in-law.

Sickness and death among relatives; scarlet fever and "Gallenfieber." The trades and occupations of his children. Crops, land values. Orders devotional books by Molenaar. (3 pp.) Transcribed.

1846 July 4. Valentin Hahn, Ashland, Ohio. To Cousin Strohm, Germany [probably Palatinate].

Personal matters, relating to new settlers, land purchases, deaths, marriages. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

1846 Dec. 26. No signature, Ashland. Fragment. Personal. (1 p.) Transcribed.

Undated. [Johannes Risser?], Richland Co., Ohio. To Jakob Risser, Kindenheim. Fragment. (1 p.) Transcribed.

Undated [1834?]. Johannes Risser(?), Richland Co., Ohio(?). To Jakob Weber(?), Kindenheim.

Fragment—no beginning, no ending. About availability of land in Pennsylvania. (1 p.) Transcribed.

Undated [1846?]. Johannes Risser, no address [still in Richland Co.?] To his sister and brother-in-law.

A summarized paragraph—Risser's son Jakob's death. Occupation of other children, grandchildren. (1 p.) Transcribed.

Johannes Risser letters with originals, 1830's

1833 May 23. Kindenheim.

A note to the effect that Johannes Risser, Ohio, is to receive \$300 given by Martin Möl-



linger to the Webers and repay later. Signed by four Webers. (2 pp.)

Undated. Kätje Dettweiler. To Jacob Weber.

Reports receiving a letter from Katharina Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. Excerpt from Johannes Risser's addition to the letter. About an inheritance.

Names of German emigrants to America named in letters by Johann Risser when he arrived in America with his family. (2 pp.) Transcribed.

#### Box 6

##### Letters to Krehbiels from America

1846(?) Nov. 6. Johannes Latschar, Hayesville, Ohio. To Heinrich Krehbiel.

Arrival of family of Krehbiel, Kirchheim. Family news. [From summary at end.] (5 pp.)

1847 June 1. Hayesville, Ohio. To Heinrich Krehbiel, Ramsen.

Financial matters. (5 pp.)

1848 Apr. 18. John Hertzler [address: Daniel Hertzler], Hayesville, Ohio. With a note by John Hertzler and Johannes Hertzler(?). To Heinrich Krehbiel, Gollheim.

Family matters; good summary on last page. (5 pp.)

1853 Mar. 8. J. Krehbiel I, Franklin Center. To his brother.

Account of journey to America. ("Don't forget to bring your own wine.") Farming in America; exchange rates. (5 pp.)

1853 Mar. 10. Barbara Krehbiel, Franklin. To Dorothy.

Personal matters; he is very young.

1853 Mar. 11. David Krehbiel, Franklin. To Jakob and Christian.

[He is also still a child.] (2 pp.)

1853 [1883?] Mar. 11. Maria Krehbiel (with note from Elma Weber), Franklin. To her "friends."

Family news, of interest for family history. (3 pp.)

1853 Mar. 12. Hermann Krehbiel, Franklin. To "friends."

Mostly about milk and chamomile tea. [Barely legible.] (2 pp.)

1855 May 11. Katharina Krehbiel, Franklin. To her brother- and sister-in-law.

[Illegible.] (3 pp.)

1856 Nov. 11. Daniel Hertzler, Franklin. Concerning the estate left by Johannes Hertzler, at Ramsden. [Translated from note in upper corner.] (2 pp.)

1857 Feb. 13. Daniel Hertzler, Sr., Franklin. To Heinrich Krehbiel. (Two letters.)

Thanks for help in settling estate of deceased brother in Ramsen. Death of Christian Eymann, Friedelsheim. Death of mother-in-law in Ohio.

From Daniel Hertzler, Jr. [Second letter of preceding entry.]

Personal and family matters. Cf. letter I, April 20, 1846. [Taken from summary, last page.] (3 pp.)

1857 Mar. 12. Daniel Hertzler, Franklin, Iowa. To Heinrich Krehbiel.

Thanks for sending money from estate of deceased brother. Consent to sale of one field. Questions about old home gains from lottery. [From summary at end.] (3 pp.)

1859(?) Mar. 9. J. Krehbiel I, Franklin Centre, Lee Co., Iowa. To his brother-in-law in Germany.

Explains schism in congregation; of considerable historical interest. (8 pp.)

1863 June 26. Dr. Valentin Krehbiel [M.D.?], New York. To Brother Heinrich.

Apology for not writing in the eight years in America. Encloses three pastel portraits from "our Otto," artist. Expresses political opinions. (2 pp.)

Year(?) Nov. 17. Hayesville, Ohio. To Heinrich Krehbiel, mayor, Kirchenheim-Bolanden.

(2 pp.)

1848 Aug. 1. (?) Latschar, Hayesville, Ohio. To Heinrich Krehbiel, Gollheim.

Family and personal. Comments on revolution in Germany. Report on journey to America. Mexican War. Presidential office. (5 pp.)

##### Peter Schowalter 1845-1860

1845 Month(?) 26. Peter, son, (emigrating), Rotterdam. To Jakob Schowalter, Weierhof.

Page 1 barely legible. (3 pp.)

1848 Feb. 16. Peter Schowalter, Hayesville, Ohio. To Adam Schowalter, Friedelsheim.

Health, pioneer life, family, etc. A letter from Jakob Risser has apparently discouraged the immigration of Lichti and Ellenberger. (4 pp.)

1848 Mar. 7. Peter Schowalter, Hayesville, Ohio. To his father, Weierhof.

Family matters; his own poor health. Health of other settlers. European friends. Crops, etc. (5 pp.)

1850 Jan. 25. Peter Schowalter, Hayesville. To his father.

Family affairs; deaths in the community. (2 pp.)

1852 Nov. (?). Peter Schowalter, Franklin Centre, Iowa. To his father, Friedelsheim.

Sold property in Ohio in April 1851. Delayed resettling because of sickness. Description of settlement. Prices. Has not been very well. Health of all the relatives in the settlement. (5 pp.)

1852 Dec. 28. Peter Schowalter, Franklin, Lee Co., Iowa. To his father, Weierhof.

Sale of land in Ohio, purchase in Iowa. Left Ohio at some financial loss, for social reasons. Advises his father not to come. (3 pp.)

1856 Oct. 5. Peter Schowalter, Franklin Centre. To his brother Adam, Friedelsheim.

Cousin, Dr. Krehbiel, of N.Y. has bought land in Iowa, sent sons to Germany for their education. His own health poor; a heart condition. Family well. (4 pp.)

1860 Jan. 31. Peter Schowalter, Franklin Centre, Iowa. To brother Adam, Friedelsheim.

Finances. Much sickness. (4 pp.)

1860(?) Nov. 25. Peter Schowalter, Franklin Centre, Iowa. To Adam Schowalter, Friedelsheim.

[Two letters with same date.] 1) Problems of farming, fertility, crops. How to ship wine. A few lines about the Hayesville church and Johannes Risser. 2) Health, education of boys, weather. (8 pp.)

Descendants of Peter Schowalter and Maria Eymann. (1 p.)

Undated. Peter Schowalter, no address. To his brother.

Concerned about father and sister in Germany. (5 pp.)

Undated. No signature [apparently Peter Schowalter]. No address.

Business. (2 pp.)

Undated. Peter Schowalter, Hayesville. To his brother.

Invites his father at Weierhof to come. "I have written you a long letter about our church affairs, but am not sending it now." He hopes Ellenberger will still come to teach German school, which only Joh. Risser opposes. (2 pp.)

Appendix to some letter from Peter Schowalter, Hayesville, Ohio.

Asks for grapevine stock. [Three copies.] (5 pp.)

Undated. No signature, no address. No salutation.

Addresses her brother in America. Family troubles. (7 pp.)

1840 May 19. No signature. To her sister [probably Johannes Risser's (America) wife.]

Strife between the brothers in America. (3 pp.)

1887(?) Apr. 3. No signature, Friedelsheim. To his/her? sister.

[Apparently to the Risser in America.] pp.)

##### Risser Letters (cont.)

Descendants of Jakob Risser. (2 pp.)

1839 Nov. 11. Jacob Risser, Hayes Crossroads, Ohio. To Abraham Latscha.

An important letter, to be compared with Johann Risser's letter on the dissension in the congregation. (8 pp.)

1856 Nov. 17. Jakob Risser, Hayesville. To Heinrich Krehbiel.

Concerning the division of the deceased Joh. Hertzler's estate. Klara, the widow, survives. Heirs in America: 1. Daniel Hertzler (Joh.'s brother); 2. Katharina Krehbiel, née Hertzler (sister), or her daughter Katharina, m. Risser, son of writer. Concluding comment: Christian Eymann sold his property because of illness and is settling in Iowa with wife and four children. Taking train. (5 pp.)

1883 Apr. 15. Jacob and Babette Risser, Trenton, Ill. To their aunt and uncle, not named.

Family news. (2 pp.)

1832 July 15. Johannes Risser (enroute to America), Bremen. To Abraham Latscha, Friedelsheim.

Finances, passports, etc. Address letter to Martin Möllinger. (3 pp.)

1832 Oct. 7. Johannes Risser. To Jakob Weber II, Kindenheim.

Preached at Strasburg, Penn. Finances, inheritance. Letters to and from relatives. They leave tomorrow for Pittsburg—14 days. Full of praise for Möllinger. (7 pp.) Transcribed.

1833 Sept. 20. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Mifflin. To (?).

Bad reports about morals in America are partly true. Organizing a colony would be difficult. Farming. Enclosed a map of the area showing location of homes. (17 pp.)

1834 Jan. 1. Katharina Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. Addressed to Jacob Weber the Second, but written to her sister, a section to her mother, etc.

Thanks for gifts. General family matters, very affectionate. (9 pp.) Transcribed.

1834 Jan. 11. Richland Co., Mifflin. To brother-in-law, Latscha.

Rothen's financial losses. If Latscha had come with them Risser could have bought land more advantageously. Mennonite set-



tlers from Bavaria near St. Louis. Plan of house. Farming. Arranged for worship service immediately upon arrival, every two weeks; attracted many non-Mennonite Germans. Relations with local Mennonites. Risser wants communion with ten members in the settlement; Beutler and Rothen want to work with American Mennonites. Want to build German school; no money. Can German friends help? (15 pp.)

1835 Jan. 12. Johannes Risser, Richland County, Ohio. To Eymann in Germany.

Risser's illness and recovery. Preference for communal farming; cost of hiring help. Beutler joins the American Mennonites, causing hard feelings. Beutler's serious illness. (8 pp.)

1836 Apr. 7. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Hayes Cross Roads, Ohio. To friends in Germany.

Enumerates some mistakes in selecting land and resulting financial loss. Defends admission of non-member Germans to communion. Crops and prices. Advice about emigration by his sister-in-law Maria Risser. (4 pp.)

1836 Apr. 28. Pp. 1 and 2 from Johannes Risser. Pp. 3 and 4 from Katharina Risser to her sister-in-law (Kindenheim).

Pp. 1 and 2; concerning an inheritance. Pp. 3 and 4; describes her garden and flowers. Laments death of sister Mariechen (Weber); A Mrs. Johannes Risser died. (4 pp.)

1836 Sept 18. Johannes Risser, Richland Co., Ohio. To Abraham Latscha.

New settlers. Visits from relatives. (3 pp.)

1850 Dec. 17. Katharina Risser, Ashland. To her sister-in-law [Kindenheim?].

All in good health; 60 years old. Visits from children and grandchildren. Lost two sons in death. (8 pp.)

Listing of descendants of Johannes Risser and Katharina Weber. (1 p. ms.)

#### Barbara Strohm

1853 June 9. Barbara Strohm, Cleveland. To brother Adam, Friedelsheim.

Account of voyage—unusual—32 days. Sick child; herself sick. Arrived safely. (6 pp.)

1854 Apr. 22. Barbara (Bawet) Strohm, Franklin Centre. To her brother, Friedelsheim.

Some observations on life in America. (6 pp.)

1856 Aug. Barbara Strohm, Franklin Centre. To Adam Schowalter, Friedelsheim.

[Part of letter missing.] Many relatives. Peter Strohm, Barbara's husband died(?). (5 pp.)

#### Miscellaneous

1837 Apr. 16. Johannes Lapp, Clarence Twp. To Jacob and Ulrich Krehbiel, Weierhof.

He has recently received a letter from Martin Möllinger and Peter Eby, Penn., part of which is quoted, regarding reports that Jacob Krehbiel has been silenced because of financial injustices to Catharina (?). Lapp wants information from people in Germany. Correspondence on this case attached. (7 pp.)

1846 Apr. 9. Jakob Krehbiel, Clarence, New York. Letter addressed to Jacob Schowalter, Weierhof. To all friends at Weierhof.

A generous act by Jakob Krehbiel to facilitate emigration to America. Long, interesting account. (5 pp.)

1834 Feb. 26. Daniel Krehbiel. To

parents.

Attached to previous letter.

Excerpts from letters to the Wurtz family. Apparently from the Risser in Ashland County, Ohio.

(1 p.)

#### Box 7

#### Daniel Krehbiel 1833-1851

1833 July 16. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo. To Jakob Schowalter, Weierhof (parents and siblings).

Visit by the two friends from Lohenmühle in Buffalo, enroute to steamer; more immigrants; thankful for leading to America. Conditions of work. (2 pp.)

1833 Sept. 28. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo, New York. To parents and siblings.

His work as a skilled saddler (\$10 per month plus room, board and laundry). No need to approach officials with trembling knees as in Europe. Last page an interesting description of American Mennonites—exclusive and conservative. (8 pp.)

Undated [probably fall of 1833]. Daniel Krehbiel. To father and family, Weierhof.

Picture of American Mennonite church life. Comparison (several pages) of American religiosity with European—in favor of the former. (9 pp.)

1833 Oct. 20. Daniel Krehbiel (brother), Buffalo. To Johann Krehbiel, Weierhof.

Defends V. [Vetter?] Krehbiel against charges by Möllinger of Penn. and others. V.K. has resigned from office of preaching. Johann Lapp, mentioned several times, proves V.K.'s innocence. Manner of life of rural immigrants. Gives location of his "Schapp." (7 pp.)

1833 Dec. 25. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo. To brother and friends.

How he spends his time: works until 9:00 p.m. except Saturday. Sunday attends Reformed Church, afternoon, Sunday school. Taking English lessons. In touch with Rothen, of the Ohio settlement. (9 pp.)

1834 Jan. 1. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo. To his parents (?) Schowalter, Weierhof.

Parents must leave Weierhof. Would like to have them come to America. (3 pp.)

1835 June 4. Daniel Krehbiel, Richland County. To his parents and family.

Mourns death of his brother in Germany. Is visiting Rothen and Risser. Plans to return to Buffalo; wages are better. Some description of Risser's home. (4 pp.)

1835 Sept. 15. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo. To parents and family.

Visited Leisy and Pletscher in Cleveland. Johannes Risser in Cleveland to conduct communion service. Comments on America's opportunities for material progress. (9 pp.)

1837 Nov. 13. Daniel Krehbiel, Williamsville. To his parents, Jakob Schowalter, Weierhof.

He is apparently married ("we," "us"). America's financial crisis is over. Rothen now living in Buffalo. Daniel K. hopes soon to move west. (5 pp.)

1838 Aug. 26. Daniel Krehbiel, Williamsville. To his parents, Jakob Schowalter, Weierhof.

Rothen has returned to his property [in Ohio?]. D.K.'s Pennsylvania-German host family. (5 pp.)

1841 Feb. 2. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo. To his parents, Jakob Schowalter, Weierhof.

His friend, Rev. Gumbel (German Reformed) will visit Weierhof. Let him preach Sunday. (2 pp.)

1841 Sept. 11. Daniel Krehbiel, Williamsville. To his brother Johann, Weierhof.

Was married July 18 to Marie Leisy. News of friends and relatives. (5 pp.)

1844 May 21. Daniel Krehbiel, Buffalo (Hamilton). To his parents, Weierhof.

Mostly about Rev. Gumbel. (4 pp.)

1851 June 29. Daniel Krehbiel, Cleveland. To Adam Schowalter, his step-brother at Friedelsheim.

Has two daughters, ages five and a half and three years old. Has been living in Cleveland four years. Visit from Jakob and Katharina, Geschwister enroute to Iowa, where there is a thriving congregation. (5 pp.)

#### Heinrich Krehbiel

1862 June 4.

"From the letter of June 4, 1862, to America." Family matters. (4 pp.)

Undated. Unsigned.

[Two sheets seem to be odd pages, different hands. First page(s) missing.] First sheet: account of journey to America. "I will soon come to you." Attachment to Rhine. Second sheet: hard times in Germany. (2 pp.)

#### Jakob Krehbiel 1830s

1831 Dec. 20. Jacob Krehbiel, Clarence by Buffalo, New York. To Friends everywhere

Description of early life in America. The experiences of Krehbiel's first years in America. Statistical figures for the States. Published at Speyer in 1832. (20 pp.)

Undated [1834?] J. W[eber?], no address [probably Kindenheim, 1834 or 1835.]

Family concerns. (3 pp.)

Undated [1836?] [A. Weber?] No place [probably Kindenheim]. No salutation [probably to Johannes Risser].

Confused financial matters. (6 pp.)

1860 Jan. 21. Unsigned, Franklin Centre.

Death of brother Johannes. [End of letter missing.] (1 p.)

1863 Jan. 1. Jakob Krehbiel, Franklin Centre. To his step-brother Adam Schowalter.

[First page(s) missing] Account of death of brother Johannes in 1859; death of other relatives. Has been the only minister since 1847(?). Some migration from Iowa to Illinois. Family matters. (7 pp.)

#### Jakob Krehbiel III, the miller, 1853-1885

1853 Nov. 24. Jakob Krehbiel, Franklin, Lee County, Iowa. To friends in Europe.

Death of Johannes Wurz. Agricultural; preparation of addition to barn; harvest with machinery; barn-building; carpenter, Johannes Krehbiel. Family news; new settlers; marriage, illness. Church news. Questions on immigrants' military service. (4 pp.)

1859 Mar. 10. Jakob Krehbiel I and Katharina, Franklin Centre. To his brother.

Thanks for sending money; built new house; crop failure due to rains; family matters. Katharina's addition: illness, a dream; greetings. (4 pp.)

1859 May 14. Katharina Krehbiel, Franklin Centre. To Adam Schowalter.



Death of a number of relatives and church members. Family matters; new immigrants; garden, etc. (5 pp.)

1885(?) July 8. Katharina Krehbiel, Franklin Centre. To brother Adam and wife.

Interesting paragraph on elementary school. Christmas gifts from Friedelsheim. Long family letter. Note added by J. Krehbiel I. (4 pp.)

Undated. Katharina Krehbiel, sister of Daniel, no address [Franklin Centre?]. To her family in Europe.

Apologies for childish deceptions. (2 pp.)

#### Johannes Krehbiel 1833

1833 Jan. 6. Johannes Krehbiel, Weierhof. To his brother, Daniel, who has just arrived in America.

"Our sister Katharina's hearing" is failing. Health of other family members; birth of son, Christian. Jakob Krehbiel (America) has written a pamphlet, widely read, may lead to more emigration. (9 pp.)

Undated. Johannes Krehbiel, no address.

[First page(s) missing.] Comparison of Ohio with Iowa, where they are planning to move. His opinion on the emigration of his friends to America. Family news. Much snow, very cold in Ohio. (4 pp.)

#### Miscellaneous letters from America

1837 Aug. 1. Samuel Hirstein, Belleville, Ill. To parents and family in Germany.

Has traveled as far west as St. Louis, visited many relatives, looking for the most advantageous place to settle. (5 pp.)

1849 Oct. 28. "Your loving friend," [feminine] Savannah. To "Dear Friend," [feminine].

Death of Katharina; apparently Lutherans. Few familiar names among friends listed. American cooking, meals, industry, house-keeping, etc. Crops and fruits.

1850 Feb. 14. Jakob Eymann, Hagersville. To Jakob Ellenberger and Abraham Latscha, Friedelsheim.

Important letter about Johannes Risser. Asks the Friedelsheim friends to send him copies of correspondence regarding contributions for church. (6 pp.)

1851 May 14. H. Ellenberger, Franklin Centre. To his brother-in-law and sister, A. Latscha, Friedelsheim.

Living conditions. Minute account of ocean voyage. (7 pp.)

1856 Nov. 13. German Bavarian Consulate at St. Louis. To Heinrich Krehbiel, Ramsen (Kirchheim).

Authorization for transfer of money. (1 p.)

1864 Jan. 12. Marie Leisy, Summerfield. To her niece Maria.

Niece has sent her a photo album of old friends and relatives. Health of American relatives. Weather, crops, etc. (8 pp.)

1875 May 21. Supplement to the letter of May 21, 1875, apparently from Maria Leisy, Summerfield. To her niece.

Plague of grasshoppers, shortage of food. Husband's land in Kansas houses Mennonite refugees from Russia. He would like to move to Kansas if he could sell property in Summerfield. (2 pp.)

Undated [1875?]. Maria Leisy, [probably Summerfield, Ill.]. To her niece Maria.

Acknowledges letter with news of Niece's mother's death. Life in America. Severely cold

## Book Reviews

*The Christopher Sauers.* By Stephen L. Longenecker. Elgin, Illinois: Brethren Press, 1981. Pp. 148 (196). \$7.95 paper.

Author Longenecker says of his work: "This is a 'warts and all' treatment of the Sauers." I for one would not want it to be any other kind, for notable people do not suffer as much from the facts as by undue admiration or scorn. I have felt a need for a careful biography of the Sauers ever since writing the biography of Christopher Dock. Longenecker has filled this gap. He has furthermore carried out his task advisedly neither as a genealogical nor as a denominational history. His intent is "to examine the lives and influence of the Sauers and to document their important place in history." Their importance to the early American colonial scene contributed as much to the business and political aspects as to the religious. Others have attempted a chronological

### Sunnyslope

We had met several Mennonite families where we had spent the three months previously: Jacob Esch's, Amos Kropf's, and Harold Brooks' of Glendale, Arizona. Initially we met in several homes for church and Sunday school, but in February 1946 we organized a permanent church fellowship.

Harold Brooks built the first building at Sunnyslope for our place of worship. The lot was donated by Amos Kropf. Alfred Martin, Clifford's father, was on the board of trustees. Maxine was church chorister. Clifford and Maxine Martin and Alfred and Barbara Martin were charter members. Our first pastor was Joe Yoder of Malalla, Oregon.

winter, etc. (4 pp.)

1883 Oct. 16. No signature [end of letter missing], Halstead, Kansas. To her niece, Maria Strohm.

Her daughter Katharina was very sick six weeks. They moved to Kansas from Illinois, four years ago. Husband died; news of children and relatives. (2 pp.)

1884 Feb. 18. Rev. C.A. Walz [not a Mennonite], Rochester, Penn. Presumably to someone at Weierhof.

Genealogical inquiry concerning his wife's Mennonite (Krämer) connections. (2 pp.)

listing of Sauer imprints. Here the story is focused around their overall lives, not upon some single facet only.

The footnotes alone occupy 25 numbered pages plus a seven page bibliographical essay. There are appendices regarding colonial money, a chronology of noteworthy events, a map of the Philadelphia area of 1775, and a Lancaster County map loosely locating the Sauer farm plus a very few other locations. There is an eight page index which covers only the body of the text and which might well have included the supplementary pages also. The paper-backed binding scarcely survived my initial reading.

The Sauers were far more than early colonial printers, significant though they were in that capacity. Their sectarian religious views and dogmatism made them colorful persons who had a profound impact upon the social and political life of 18th century America. The reason for Sauer II's burial in the graveyard of the Methacton Mennonite meetinghouse is accounted for in the volume.

I could not help but read this in the light of my own research years ago into the Sauers' lives. Longenecker has done his homework well. He abundantly documents Benjamin Franklin's dislike for the Germans, that has often been observed. I do not fault the author for his criticism of my belief that Christopher Sauer II attended the summer classes taught by Dock in Germantown as stated in *Christopher Dock: Colonial Schoolmaster*. He aptly observed that "that seems doubtful because colonial schoolmasters generally did not teach twenty-year-olds like Christopher II." He, with me, simply wished to note that it is widely accepted that Christopher Sauer II was at some point Dock's student. Perhaps Christopher II visited Dock's classes as an admiring reporter and investigator for his father.

Longenecker has in this work made an excellent contribution to Brethren historiography, not to mention the far wider interest that this father-son-grandson team hold for a variety of persons in many other fields of study and interest in relation to the early American scene.

—Gerald C. Studer



# Mennonite Historical Bulletin

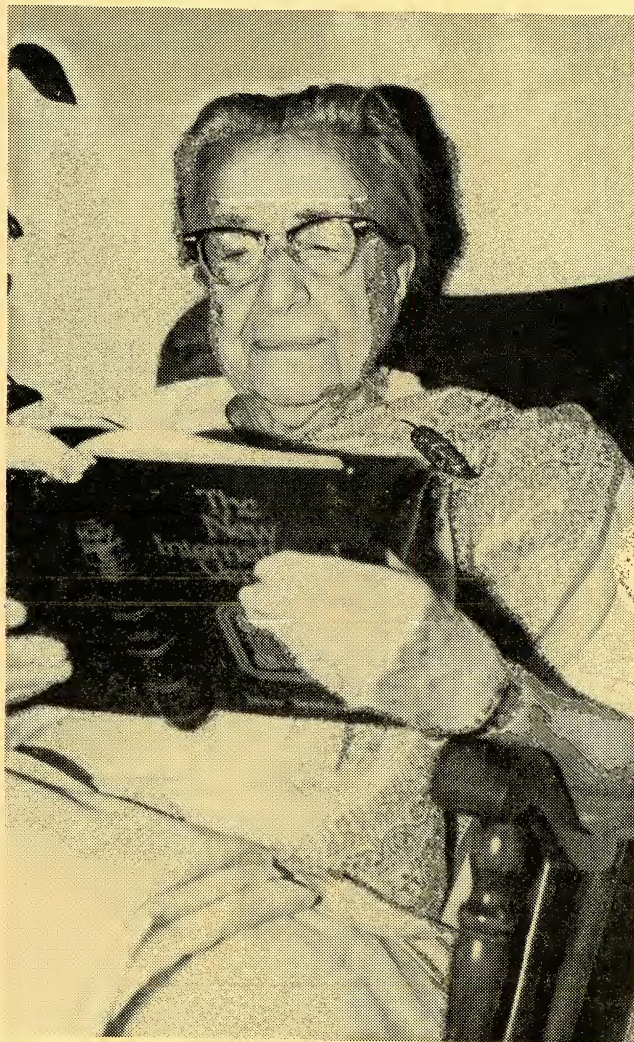
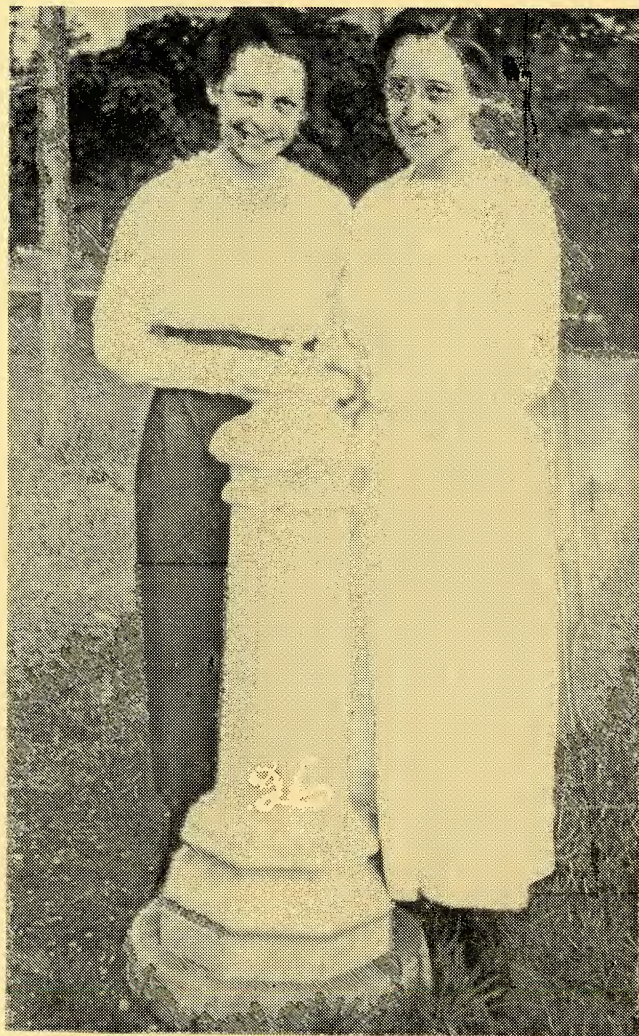
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## Mary Magdalene Good: Missionary-Educator 1890-1982



Mary Magdalene Good (right) and Wilma Smucker [Mrs. Harold Good], students at Goshen College and members of the Foreign Volunteer Band, around 1918-19; and Mary Good at her home in Goshen, Indiana, 1976.

*The American Mennonite Mission in India was still in its infancy when nine-year-old Mary Magdalene Good received a letter from her Uncle Jake. Jacob A. Ressler had been one of the first three missionaries to go to India during the famine of 1899, and it was his letter which led Mary to determine at that early age to become a missionary to India.*

Raipur, C.P., India, 5 Aug. 1899  
Dear Friends in Tennessee,

Received your letter this week. I

have so far acknowledged every letter received and mean to do so unless they come too thick. I have addressed this letter to Mary in recognition of her letter and will answer hers first but you understand the letter is for all.

I have not seen any gardens in India such as we call gardens in America. In the most thickly settled places they do not have fences so they could not keep cattle, and chickens out. But they do raise some things which we call garden truck.

They have muskmelons, carrots, onions, potatoes, and a great many tropical fruits, oranges, lemons of several kinds, papies, mangoes, pineapples, guavas and other fruits. But these can only be had in some places. . . .

I said they do not have fences. In some parts where there are hills and woods they have a big fence around each village to keep out the tigers and jackals and leopards and hyenas. We have not seen any tigers wild and don't want to see any but



This special issue depicts the life and times of Mary Magdalene Good (1890-1982), mostly in her own words, with glimpses into her long experience in India as a missionary-educator.

Educational work became an integral part of the Mennonite mission program in India from the outset. The famine of 1899 left hundreds of boys and girls to the care of the mission—with schools being an obvious development.

When Mary Good arrived twenty years later, the famine of 1919 was again bringing many orphans into the mission. There were 246 girls in the orphanage at Balodgahan with whom, she says, "my schooling began along with theirs. It was with these, and their children, that I experienced my greatest attachment to India."

Her work in India, with the exception of two years in the Dhamtari School, was in the Garjan Memorial School in Balodgahan. High among her concerns was training qualified teachers. She wrote: "To get teachers then for the school with all these new orphans was a staggering task. Fourth grade graduates had to be taken on as teachers, and their qualifications for 'graduation' were not too high. I was permitted, finally, to see the day when there was a trained staff in the school, all from among our own students."

Developing a curriculum which was suited to the needs of the Indian people was another goal. The traditional Indian view of education was preparation for university and government positions, with the result that students were not prepared to return to village life—in fact, they were said to have become unfit for village life (see Mary Neuhauser Royer's Master's thesis, *Education of Village Children in a Central Province Mission, India*). The Twenty-third Annual Report of the Mission reports, for example, that the government is not averse to the Mission including more practical courses in its curriculum along with the literary. Consequently steps were taken to design courses useful to students as they returned to village life. The cottage plan designed by Mary Good and used in the girl's boarding school in Balodgahan was one such.

Mary Good's concern for the status of the women and girls of India is readily apparent. No doubt it was with a great deal of satisfaction that the following could be reported in the Twenty-sixth Annual Report of 1925: "Our Christians are also much more concerned for the education and training of their daughters than are the non-Christian people. They do not want them to become ignorant village women. A non-Christian forest officer who was recently married said to one of our brethren, 'You Christian young men look forward to marrying intelligent well educated women but we have to take what we get.'"

It is significant to note that most of the leaders among the Mennonite Indian women today, received their education in mission schools and many consider themselves to be daughters of Mary Good, affectionately calling her mamaji.

Retirement from India in 1952 was not an easy transition for Mary. However, correspondence with former associates and her journal entries of 1971 give evidence that she found it possible to continue her ministry from her home in the States. —Elizabeth H. Bauman

we have seen evidence of their being around. . . . I enclose a sheet of Hindi which we are now learning to read, write and talk. It is so much like Urdu that what we have learned of Urdu will not come amiss. The first line is Hindi like that we get in the Testament. The second is the

same spelled with Roman letters like Roman-Urdu. The third is the exact meaning word for word in English. You will be able to recognize the passage. It is not hard if you have a little start but the pronunciation is hard to get without a native teacher.

Yes, indeed, write again. Of

course your letters are of profit. Anything that comes across the hand is of great interest. . . . May God richly bless you and give you hearts of prayer in our behalf.

Yours for the Master,  
J.A. Ressler

Mary Good's father died when she was 18 and it was with reluctance that her mother consented to her wish to attend Goshen College. At Goshen her interest in mission was deepened through contact with women such as Mary Burkhard and Clara Eby Steiner, and at the end of her senior year she volunteered her services to the Mission Board.

At the time of her graduation in 1919, however, India was not the only option open to her. Both Heston Academy and Eastern Mennonite School offered Mary a teaching position. In April she wrote to her mother (who died unexpectedly shortly after) about her need to make a decision:

"It's hard to write to you since this matter of where I'm going to teach is not settled. I had the nicest talk with dear old Mr. and Mrs. J.S. Hartzler today. He was so nice and fatherly to me about going to Virginia to teach. The faculty and every one have been so nice and concerned but I have not felt led to decide up to this time. I think though before another week is past it will all be settled. . . ."

Mary was on her way to an interview with a representative from Eastern Mennonite School when the matron of Kulp Hall informed her of a waiting telephone call. The message: She had been accepted to go to India. One year later she sailed for India, arriving in Calcutta June 20, 1920, after a two-month voyage.

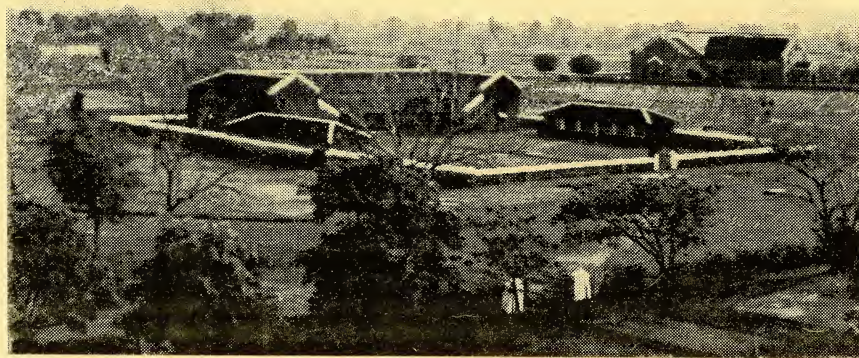
## Early Impressions

*Letters to her cousins in Sterling, Illinois, especially to Mrs. Mattie Good (whom she addresses as Ma), reveal Mary's sense of gratitude and*

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Garjan Memorial School (center), and church (upper right), in Balodgahan.

*"realization of the bigness of the trust" given her in coming to India.*

June 26, 1920

My dear Ones:

I have been so full of the newness of everything and a mixture of emotions since I am here that I seem unable to settle down to letter writing. There is so much I want to say that I don't know where to begin, and again I ask your indulgence if this letter is a ramble. You would needs have lived with me the last few days to know my feelings. There has been so much of gratitude for God's care to this hour, of realization of the bigness of the trust that has been given me within, and kindly welcome from without that I feel dazed with it all.

... We had landed in Calcutta Sunday the 20th. We reached Raipur at about 4:30 a.m. Wednesday and at about 7:30 got a train for Dhamtari. We came in the funniest little train you ever saw. The cars looked like store boxes and were divided into compartments, accommodating about six passengers each. We came second class and had a compartment all to ourselves. ...

When we reached Dhamtari all the missionaries were there to meet us except Kauffmans and Friesens.

... It was about 11 o'clock when we had breakfast and you can imagine how much I wanted to get cleaned up but they kept us there till evening and they seemed so happy to have us there I almost forgot how much I was needing a clean frock. They had such a nice service after breakfast. All I could do was to sit around speechless except when I was spoken to. In the evening they brought us over to Balodgahan. ... I wish you could have seen the picture that

greeted us when we drove in the mission compound. On one side were all the orphanage and boarding school girls—something like 150 girls. On the other side were I think a couple hundred Indian Christians. Then the women from the Widow's home and in the rear a troop of famine camp people. ... I thought of pioneer missionaries (if indeed I thought at all) and I was overwhelmed with the bigness of the task which they so evidently accomplished. ... Again I was deeply touched in the evening when at sunset I saw this family of orphanage girls gather in a group for their evening prayer. They sat down on the ground and sang the Hindi to "Onward Christian Soldiers" so heartily that I am sure it reached the skies. Their faces were so bright and happy and affectionate. But the only time I permitted tears to come to my eyes was yesterday when I saw the first little one admitted to the orphanage. Times are very, very hard for the poor people here. ... I can't help but have that ideal of a girls home that I had in my mind before leaving America still faintly in my memory. It seems a struggle to give

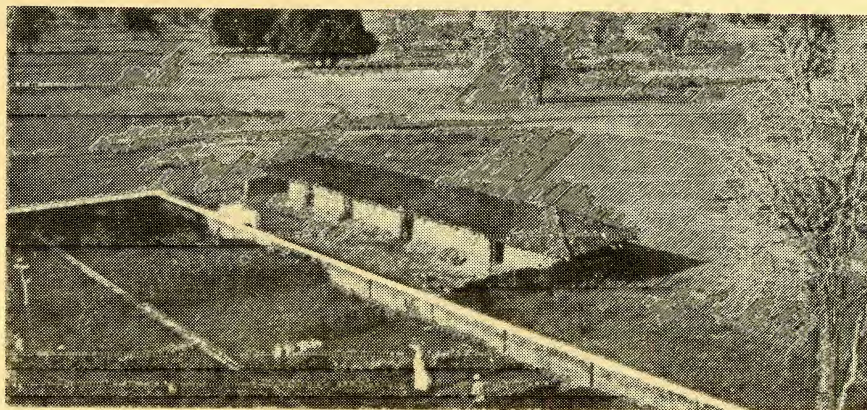
to these dear little girls just the barest necessities with present equipment when there are so many more than there are accommodations for. ... But this is the explosion of a new missionary. Perhaps indiscreet. Excuse me. I must not say anything here but the bright, cheery things you know so I'm unloading on you as usual. It is a constant marvel to me how the missionaries have accomplished so much here. Everything is so much more extensive than I imagined it would be and the people so far as I have been able to see are more genuinely Christian than I expected to see. ...

... My sleeping room has in it a bed and table that belongs to the mission. The office has in it a desk that is Mary Burkhard's and a little table that belongs to Lydia Schertz. The dressing room has a chest of drawers that belongs to the Mission; Fannie H. Lapp's dressing table and Lydia Schertz's wardrobe. The furniture is very nice considering that it was all made in the boy's workshop. I am quite satisfied with it I am sure. ...

Between us and the work is that barrier of language study which must first be removed. There is so very much to learn besides the language that I feel like an infant in the face of it all. Will you continue to earnestly pray that I may continue to be strong physically and that God will use me in His own way.

Ernest [Smucker] is having quite a hard time from teething and change of climate but the rest of us are well. I expect to have my first lesson in Hindi from my Deacon pundit at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. ...

Lovingly,  
Mary



The girls' Boarding where the cottage plan, developed by Mary Good, was introduced.



Dhamtari, C.P. India  
Oct. 7, 1920

My dear Cousins:

. . . Yes, Ma, the school of which I spoke is the American Mennonite Mission High School and M.C. Lehman has charge of it. I am so happy now that I have been given a class of boys in the highest class to teach. They understand English quite well and the subject that I am teaching is English poetry. I do enjoy it so much. I have the same boys in Sunday School and I never enjoyed teaching quite so much. They are very responsive and are doing splendid work. I will be happier yet when I can devote all my time to school work. I am to take charge of the Girl's School as soon as "my Hindi is able." The education of the girls has been sadly neglected in our Mission because there has never been any one here to take charge of it. The boys' schools are far in advance of the girls.

About a month ago I took a week off from language study and took a trip to an educational conference of all the missionaries in the Central Province—that is, representatives were there from the different missions. . . . There are four girls' high schools in the C.P. and I visited two of them on the trip. . . . I felt well repaid for the time. My object in going was largely to get some idea of the educational system and to learn something about girl's schools. Too, the missionaries insisted on my going and I am quite obedient. Girl's

education in India has its big problems but it looks very interesting and *very, very* much needed and a work in which there are unlimited opportunities. . . .

You ask me if there is something you as individuals can do, or if there is something that sewing circles can do. And you don't know how happy those questions always make us. I am hoping that soon we will have a girl to send away to take training to prepare to teach in the Girl's School. That will be one of the problems that I will be facing in about a year—to secure teachers for the girl's school. Perhaps some of you would like to support such a person in training. Wouldn't it be nice to have your own teacher teaching the girls in India?

Mary

Dhamtari, C.P. India  
Nov. 16, 1920

My dear Cousins:

. . . What do you think! I'm looking after the house keeping this month! I feel quite happy to have enough Hindi at my command to be able to (*after a manner*) order the meals etc. Florence [Dr. Florence Coopridger] says it is a relief to her and it gives me practice in talking. Some funny things happen, though. This evening, for instance, I wanted to fix something in the chafing dish and poured vinegar in instead of alcohol and tried long and hard to light it. The cook is very patient and polite enough not to laugh at my fearful blunders but sometimes I see

him look like he wanted to explode. I become very business-like about then and assume all the dignity that I can command. I don't like to be laughed at. . . .

Sincerely, Mary

Landour, Mussoorie  
C.P. India, "Bellevue"  
June 19, 1921

My dear Cousins:

The rains have begun and the intense heat, not only on the plains but even here in the Himalayas (for a few weeks) is checked for another season. Conditions on the plains have been beyond description this hot season. Geo. Lapp writes that he has never seen such poverty among the people of India as there is here at the present time. People are coming to the famine camps daily to be admitted and will continue to do so until the crops can be gathered in October. . . . Those of us in the hills are getting very anxious to go down to help and the missionaries on the plains are just as anxious to have us come. All have returned now to the work from the hills except those of us who are studying the language here in Landour. This again is a time of heart pangs for the missionaries when the mothers must leave their little ones in the hills and go to the plains. I feel so sorry for them. India certainly is a land of broken up homes. Not only among missionaries but also among Indians. So many of them are so poor and indeed so ignorant that they cannot care for their children and they must be put into orphanages and in the better homes the children must often be put into boarding schools to be educated because schools, especially for girls, in India are few and far between.

Sister Lehman and Bro. Kaufman write that it becomes harder each year to leave the children. . . . Of a missionary's sacrifices I think this over shadows all others. . . .

Have I ever told you that we seldom get any thing that is clean to eat on the plains and never here. . . . The sugar that we use here sometimes looks as if it had been swept up from a dirty floor. I have been very thankful that I have been able to overcome the "squeemishness" I used to have before I came to India. Of course I still don't relish dirt but I can eat it. But I suppose that's enough of that subject. At any rate,



Girls in the Balodgahan Boarding getting their food ready for cooking (late 1940s).



I'm glad I'm in India and the better I learn to know India's people the gladder I am, for life is more than meat is it not? But since I'm on the subject I believe I'm going to make a confession—and that is that I have been so hungry for ice cream this hot season that I felt sometimes as if I'd give most anything I possess for one dish of *American ice cream*. It would be lovely if we could leave our tastes in America when we come to India but Aaron says "missionaries are human" and he is right. I suppose he has learned the lesson better through having a cousin in India.

... My other pundit is a Hindu—very devoted to his religion. I am reading the life of Buddha in Hindi with him now and it is such a help to study their religions and to get their view point. Of course I would never take any other but a sympathetic attitude when I talk with a Hindu in regard to his religion but it is a confirmation in the belief of Jesus as the only Saviour to come in touch with the other religions. It seems marvelous to me that the Hindu pundits will sit down and teach us as they do. I have had some of the most interesting talks with them.

Continue to pray for us that we may soon be of service and that we may get the language speedily. . . .

Sincerely, Mary

### Training Indian Workers

Dhamtari, C.P. India

Easter morning [Apr. 1923]

My dear Cousins,

... As we sing and I listen to the women telling the gospel story in their dialect . . . I dream dreams of the schools we'll build in the villages about us some day with the teachers that will be trained in our school here and how the people will be brought to the Saviour through the children taught in the schools. The more I see of conditions here the more need I feel of training men and women for work among their own people. There are after all so comparatively few that we as missionaries can reach and we are so handicapped with using the native dialect of the people and there is so much of their customs that we can't comprehend that I think to train as many as possible and send them out as missionaries to their people is the most

effective way of evangelizing India.

Lovingly, Mary M.

Another new effort which the school has put forth this year is among the Hindu girls in the village. As it seemed impossible to secure the attendance of the Hindu girls in the school a beginning class was formed for them in the village near their homes. A survey was made and it was found that the parents of only five of the more than thirty girls in the village who should be in school were willing to have their girls attend. However, the school was started and the little girls were attracted and soon there was an attendance of about a dozen. Thirteen have now been enrolled and attend regularly. We are hoping that at least some of them will enter our first class in school at the beginning of the new school year. The teacher of this class is the daughter of the first convert to Christianity in Balodgahan village. Sometimes when I look at these dirty, sparsely clad, towsled headed, untrained girls I have been tempted to wonder whether it is worth while. But when I remember that Miriam, their teacher, once was a little girl just like these I am sure that it is infinitely worth while. Her beautiful life among them must surely win them to her Savior. Miriam's mother goes with her to the village and brings the children to school. When they come together they sing a hymn, repeat a scripture portion which they have learned and then fold their hands and offer prayer. After prayers they have their Bible lesson. After this they have reading, writing, and numbers, simple hand-work, and personal hygiene. You would be interested in attending a hygiene class. They clean their teeth, bathe, clean their hands and comb their hair while they talk about the importance of personal hygiene. They never see soap or combs except those that they use in school but we hope that they will learn to appreciate their value. Once a week they go to the tank to learn to wash their clothing. The parents are looking on with interest and we have the faith that these little ones will lead their parents to the One whom they are learning to love and for whom these efforts are being put forth.

31st Annual Report of the American Mennonite Mission, 1930.



Helen Bhelwa and Satyawati Malagar, two graduates of Garjan Memorial School who later became teachers there.

In Camp. Ghatula

Mar. 14, 1943

My dear Ma,

Ghatula is one of our stations that is left without a missionary now and as I am supervising the Christian Education in the Primary Schools of the Mission these months I am now at Ghatula for three weeks. . . .

... There are five Mission Primary Schools in this area. One at Ghatula and the others ranging from about three to seven miles from the station. The teachers from all these schools were in the Church this morning. Most of them walked. Some of the wives of the teachers are old school girls of mine and it gives me a thrill to think of getting into their homes in these faraway villages. Ghatula is 40 miles from Dhamtari over a road that much of the year is anything but good. In those four villages the only Christians are the school teachers and their families. The harvest time is surely here and we are praying that in these villages churches may be established. It was near here that Jacob Burkhard climbed to the top of a hill and prayed that a church might be established in this area. At that time there were no Christians at all here. His prayer has been answered but we are



not satisfied with one church we want many in the villages about us here. . . .

Tomorrow morning I plan to attend the morning prayers in the school here at Ghatula, teach the 1st class Bible lesson, observe as one



Mary boarding the train for Dhamtari. From left to right are Mrs. Satyawati Malagar, her daughter Heli, Joseph Bhelwa, and Jiwanlal (Kiyaram as a boy).

teacher teaches the 4th class and another the 2nd and 3rd. Then have breakfast and go in a native bullock cart, padded (I hope) with a nice bed of straw, to a school four miles away. They will wait till I get there for their Scripture lesson. . . .

My boy Kiyaram will be eighteen this month and then he can take baptism without his father's signature to a stamped paper which is required of minors. His people remain bitter against his becoming a Christian but Kiyaram remains firm. . . . A scholarship was offered to the two best students in our special Bible Classes in Balodgahan and Dhamtari last year and Kiyaram got the scholarship in the Balodgahan chass, so that is the way he got into the school this year. It (the scholarship) only includes food and tuition, though, so I have given him work in my office this year at 2 cents an hour so that he could earn money for his clothing, soap, etc. So you can see how simple his needs are. He has worked an average of not more than about four hours a week. . . .

Lovingly, Mary

### Preparation for Village Life

The last hot season was spent in building mud walls, separating the large rooms, so that a group of girls could live like a family. A small kitchen in connection with each room was arranged for and mud stoves were installed. A shelf or two

for each room was provided for on which they are to keep their plates. Each room is supplied with all the cooking utensils for simple cooking as is done in their own homes. In the larger rooms there are from ten to fourteen girls while in the smaller ones only seven to nine. There are three or four small girls in each group for whom the older ones are responsible. They cook their own food, buy the vegetables and oil, and keep an account of the money spent. This gives them an opportunity to learn the value of things and how much is required for each family. We believe it will help them in more than one way to go out into real life and establish their homes. One of the older and responsible girls is in charge of each room and it is her task to oversee the work of her house.

### 28th Annual Report, 1927

July 11, 1941

Dear Ma,

A steamer is due to leave on the 24th of this month which promises to take our letters to America so I want to try to get some off. We must be a bit careful about posting our letters these days or they spend so much time on the way—or don't get there at all. . . .

No doubt I have told you about our two acres of land. It provides work for the school children and also from now on I hope it will provide food. The fields were very run down and last year we didn't much more than get our seed back but this year

we have great expectations. We have rice, hemp, soy beans, peanuts, tomatoes, greens, khodo, sweet potatoes, tilli and grain besides the school children's thirty-six gardens and I'll not try to tell you what all they have planted in their gardens! We dug a well and have a nice supply of water so we can have a cold season crop too by irrigating. The price of foods has gone up so much and when one has to feed so many growing children it is quite an item. I'm so thankful for this means of providing some for ourselves. Too, since I have been out supervising the work I am feeling very fit. It takes me out of doors and away from the routine. I enjoy, too, being with the children and helping them with the work. . . .

Mary

### Status of Girls and Women

No longer does this Institution represent a group of girls who must be urged to exercise, who are half clad, half starved, lifeless, listless, sickly, a group of illiterate Hindu children coming from various casts—their condition 25 years ago—but a big family full of vigor, life, health, activity; youth blooming into beautiful womanhood, ambitious to accomplish some good; being trained for various vocations of life and trying to make Christianity practical in their every day lives.

### 27th Annual Report, 1926

### GARJAN MEMORIAL SCHOOL IDEALS

A true Garjan Memorial School pupil tries in all things to live up to the school motto, "By love, serve."

He or she tries to live up to the following Ideals:

1. To try to keep the school premises clean and tidy. One way is to do this is to pick up paper or any thing that any careless person may have thrown down.
2. To be neat and tidy in person.
3. To be prompt and respond quickly when a bell rings so as not to keep others waiting.
4. To be discreet in visiting the sick.
5. To practice those habits that are conducive to physical health and growth.
6. To practice mealtime etiquette.
7. To be helpful to younger children and to the old and helpless.
8. To practice speaking good Hindi.
9. To be kind and courteous to all.
10. To strive to be honest, unselfish and loving, and pure in thought, word and deed.
11. To be reverent at all times of worship and always take the Name of God reverently.
12. To set apart at least fifteen minutes each day for Bible reading, prayer and meditation.
13. To learn to think quietly and not engage in idle talk.
14. To write or send no letters that cannot first be shown to parents or teacher.



Co-education is very uncommon in India. Of course in America it is the regular procedure. Some do not think it will work here. However the Sankra school has been co-educational for a number of years and the results have been satisfactory. The plan has been in operation here in the Dhamtari school now for six months. It is interesting to note the reactions of different people concerned. It seems to be more difficult for the teachers to adjust themselves to it than for the pupils. There are three men and four women teachers in the school. They are never together and talk to one another only when necessary. Of course that is natural here.

### 31st Annual Report, 1930

When talking with Sister Lapp and Sister Good about the girls and work done with them during the past year I was much impressed with some of the ideals held forth and some work accomplished. There were eight girls married into Christian homes during the year. Five were away for Normal training and one was in Nurse's training. . . . Sister Good in her contact with the girls through the school is doing a fine piece of work.

### 32nd Annual Report, 1931

18-3-34

. . . Tomorrow our Cl. VIII girls must go to Dhamtari for their Gov't. High School entrance examinations. It means a lot of what we call "bundobust" (arrangements). They must take all their eats, bedding, cooking utensils and everything with them. That isn't the most either. They must sit with about sixty boys and I fear get so frightened that they will forget all they ever knew. Sometimes when I pray the Heavenly Father to care for my girls I must also pray that He will help me to trust and not to worry. But really, Ma, just between you and me it is a responsibility to care for girls in India. I am learning lessons of trust, though—to leave to Him those things that I can't do any way and receiving strength for the duties that are mine.

I've stopped ever so many times since I began this last paragraph, to grant favors, listen to troubles, plan work, etc. and now I will close.

I think of you many, many times and of long talks that we will have

when I come home. Things that I will ask you and things that I will tell you.

Am always happy to hear from you.

Best wishes,  
Fondly, Mary

Dated 16.7.1940

Dear Ma,

. . . I am so very grateful for a trained nurse which we have now. She is one of our own girls—a product of the famine of 1920. She is a positive Christian force among our girls which means so much. Another one for whom I am so thankful is Dhirja who is matron of the Boarding. She also came to us, a little girl, in the same famine. Both of these co-workers of mine grew up in our Boarding and in addition to their fine Christian example to the girls they have a sympathetic feeling for them which only the one who grew up in a Boarding can have. I praise God for the privilege of working with them. . . .

[Mary]

## Retirement

Mary's journal entry October 20, 1952 indicates that retirement and leaving India were not her first choice: "I just had to face the matter of my coming to America. Why must I be here [Scottdale, Penna.] trying to prepare a talk on the situation in India when I want to be there working. It is going to be hard to talk. As He gave me strength to leave, He must undertake now. . . ."

There were those in India, who continued their contacts with Mary. K. Jiwanlal (known as Kiyaram as a boy) wrote in 1953:

"Dear Miss Sahebj,

My greetings to you. I received your letter long ago but failed to reply it due to heavy work I had to do. Lena has finished her training and has come back home. She seems to have gained much through her training. We are glad that the Lord helped us in making the best use of these two long years, and waiting for His will to be done. Now we think that we should unite. We are going to have our marriage on the 8th May 1953. I can't express how much I feel your absence at this particular time. I need motherly advice and care, but there is no one to give ex-

cept the Lord. . . ."

In 1971, at 81 years of age, Mary was invited to return to India, a trip which confirmed her life-long ministry and gave her renewed vision for the last decade of her life.

Oct. 6-10, [1971]. . . . The WMSA meeting began on Thursday afternoon, the 7th. It was a welcoming service and lasted over two hours. The men with whom I'd worked closely were there, too, and talked. . . .

It seems a miracle the ease with which Hindi came to me as I talked. Too, that my throat gave me no trouble. It was marvelous to speak to that large assembly of women who call themselves my girls. . . .



Mary Good, when she returned to India in 1971, with her traveling companion Margaret Hartzler, surrounded by former students and their children.

Oct. 12, [1971]. Today the Asia Mennonite Conference begins with a tea party at 3:30 p.m. Great preparations are being made for 300 guests or more. . . .

Oct. 17. The most impressive communion service when all of us met around the Lord's table. A most memorable service. I never had the experience as then when I really saw the presence of the Lord in a group. . . . I feel Him in my own heart and life but this time it was in the body of people. . . .

Oct. 29. This evening I—we all—had supper at Wilford Victors—my little Alice's home. It was a delightful experience. Her home is the kind I envisioned when we worked on the cottages in the Balodgahan boarding. I've never seen an Indian kitchen that so nearly met my approv-



al—completely I should say. I felt so proud of her. Everything was clean. Her two little children are well cared for. Her relation with her husband is as it should be. That's evident. This has been a moving experience for me. One that makes me thank God for what He has done. . . .

Nov. 10. To Flishers to prayer meeting. . . . I spoke on faith. The Pershadi's called. So good to talk with good people like them. I must write Ruth [Pershadi].

Nov. 11. This evening we went to the place I lived in Balodgahan. It was a precious experience. We saw the boarding, too. Jake and John had so kindly had the weeds cut so we could see one of the cottages. . . . Seeing the buildings in which I used to work didn't move me too much. It's the people who have gone out from there in which I am interested.

Nov. 25. . . . It's so lovely to be here with my people. This is where my interest is in life. God called me here as a child. I'm sure of this. Why he chose one so unworthy I don't understand, but I am sure it was His plan for me. I want to be faithful in the task which will not be finished as long as I live. I think even in heaven I'll be praising Him for letting me serve Him in India.

Dec. 26. Just now I read my Sept. 17 [16] entry just after I left Greencroft [Goshen, Indiana]. From this perspective of 3½ months it looks different. I have thought about my mode of life and think I should do differently in some respects so that I can do more writing, more things

that are creative. I think I'll take my meals in the dining room and have the apartment cleaned every two weeks. There are different ways in which I can save time. At least use it to better advantage. . . . Intercessory prayer is to be my task first. Also I want to inspire others to pray definitely. My trip to India has shown me that my task is in America in prayer. . . .

*Ruth Pershadi, who counts herself among the daughters of Mary Good, is now a dietitian in Canton, Ohio. She spoke at the memorial service for Mary Good January 30, 1982.*

Miss Mary Good was always known as a dear *mamaji* to Indian Mennonite girls. She was devoted to her work in India, assigned by God through the Mennonite Mission Board. Many orphans, and other girls whose parents could not take care of them financially or due to other responsibilities, were taken into Balodgahan Girls Boarding where Miss Good was the director. The number of girls was approximately 200, and ranged from approximately four to twenty years.

. . . Like a good mother she looked after the physical, mental and spiritual growth of every single girl entrusted to her care. Her concerns for her daughters were not only while they were at Balodgahan Boarding, but wherever they went, as she continued to pray for them. Some of her daughters and grand daughters had or have the privilege to come to this country and *mamaji* prepared us to move comfortably by telling us about American culture.

. . . Mamaji wanted her daughters to make right decisions. She started a special class known as "shell class" after the eighth grade. During the whole year we studied the Bible in detail, trying to understand the Word of God with the help of qualified teachers she had hired. We spent time as much as possible, in seeking the Lord's will for our future. The doors of her bungalow were always open to us. With the help of God she guided her daughters to prepare themselves to serve the Lord. When I was a student in shell class we had a classmate, a boy by the name of Kiyaram, who walked every day approximately two

miles one way to come to Garjan Memorial School. This special class helped him to know the Word of God and finally when he was in high school he accepted Jesus as his Savior. This little boy came to *mamaji's* school; today he is known as Jiwanlal. It would not be wrong to add Jiwanlal's name, as a son, to the list of *mamaji's* children. . . .

During her retirement years in America, far away from India, her heart and mind were in India. Several hours in the morning and at night she spent praying for India.

After fulfilling her assignment faithfully, she has left all of us to be with our Lord and is waiting to see us again as God has plans for each of us.

We are thankful to God for Miss Good's fruitful life and innumerable things she did to glorify the Lord's name. [Mary Good died January 25, 1982.]

## New Evidence About Imprisoned Austrian Anabaptists

Margarete Wagner, a doctoral candidate at the University of Vienna, Austria, recently sent in the following report from the daily newspaper, *Der Kurier* (from early September 1981), which is a description of sixteenth-century religious prisoners in Kärnten (Corinthia), Austria. The report reads as follows, in English translation:

"A small back room of the Stifts-Museum in Millstaett has been discovered to have been a medieval prison cell. In the process of renovation, plaster came loose from the walls, exposing what imprisoned writers and artists had scrawled in the sixteenth century. Among the prisoners, some of whom had engraved Psalms and Latin texts, there may have been members of Corinthian sects—including the so-called Anabaptists—who experienced bloody persecution at the time of the Religious Wars."

—Leonard Gross



Ruth Pershadi, a Garjan Memorial School graduate and longtime friend of Mary Good.



## Goshen: The 1920s and Years Following

by Leonard Clemens

**Entertainment.** We had many forms of entertainment: games of all sorts, such as tag, hide and seek, red light, hop scotch, pump pump pull away, croquet and many others. Most all of these games were played by both the boys and girls alike. Many of them were played in the evening after we had our supper and lasted until it was dusk. Curfew was usually called then and the neighborhood settled down in peace and tranquility again.

One game I liked to play with Mary Ebersole was croquet. She was in my class in school and with the exception of art, she excelled me in every subject. She was my intellectual superior. She knew it, and I knew it. In this game, however, I could always beat her; sometimes so badly, that I would feel ashamed of myself. She always took it gracefully and always came back for more. Looking back I sometimes wonder if she was not the real winner in this also. I often think of her untimely demise, with a feeling of penitential sadness.

**Goshen College.** Perhaps I should describe Goshen College as it was when I first saw it in 1918. It had only three buildings on what was then the campus: the Administration Building, Science Hall to the east of it, and Kulp Hall to the west of it, facing east, which was the girls' dorm. The boys' dorm was a large wood frame structure located on the north side of College Avenue between Eighth and Ninth Streets, thus getting its name North Hall. Some years prior to this it stood directly across from Kulp Hall and was then called East Hall. There were several clay tennis courts south of the Administration Building. It was here that we would play tennis when the students were not using them. We usually borrowed some old rackets and balls from kind-hearted students.

The basketball court was in the basement of the Administration Building. As I recall it was quite small for a basketball floor and was down in something like a pit with a narrow balcony around it. We

younger boys were not allowed on it as it was used by college students only. Around 1925 or thereabouts a new gymnasium was built east of Science Hall and we were allowed to use it provided we wore gym shoes. (If we did not have gym shoes, which some of us did not, we were allowed to wear rubbers over our regular shoes.) We referred to this building as "the barn," because that's what it looked like.

These were the sports we participated in, but there was one strict rule which the neighborhood mostly adhered to, and that was: "None of it (sports) on Sunday." That was the Lord's day and his alone. We would go to Sunday school and sometimes church services. I say sometimes because there were times when Linus Eigsti and I would go into the library which then was located directly below the Assembly Hall. The place fascinated me, for we did not have many books at home. Here was a treasure-house of knowledge at my feet and I was going to take advantage of it. This didn't last too long though as Chris Graber found us there one time. He kindly but firmly told us that the place was off limits during services, but that we were allowed in the place any other time. This ended our hooky playing during services. Sunday afternoons were mostly spent taking walks through Shoups Woods where I now live. We would often go from here to the dam, and if the water was low enough below the falls we would hop from one stone to the next until we were across. We would then walk through the woods which is now known as Kercher's Orchard Addition. We would cross the Violet Bridge and come back by State Road 15. It was then known as the Dixie Highway, and was paved with brick as was U.S. 33.

Sunday evenings we had what we called Junior League. We would sometimes learn new hymns and perhaps a little about the hymn writer. Other times we would have a talk on the reformers such as Hus, Jerome, Luther, Calvin, and, of course, Menno Simons. These classes were usually led by college

students. They did a respectable job of it too and I learned a great deal from them.

The year of 1923 was a traumatic one, when the college closed for one year. I cannot give the exact details on this as I was too young to understand what the real cause was, although I knew from the way my parents talked about it that there was a rift between conservative ranks and a more progressive element. I really do not know which one won out. My parents never went back, but went to another church instead. During that summer the neighbors next door, who belonged to the Church of the Brethren, took me along to church with them since I didn't like the church where my parents went. They had a son Russel, who was about the same age as I, and we played together often. They were the Elmer Kauffmans.

In 1924 S.C. Yoder, who was to assume the presidency of Goshen College, moved into the house next to the Kauffmans' which was vacated by J.S. Hartzler, who accepted a call from the Prairie Street Mennonite Church in Elkhart. I then went back to the College Church, attending Sunday school there with my friend Linus Eigsti, and continued there until we moved out of the neighborhood in 1927.

**Public School.** Did we have any conveyance to go to school back in those days? Yes, we did: our feet. Some of the more fortunate had bi-



School picture of Leonard Clemens, at 14 years of age.



cycles but most of us did not. We walked the path four times a day: once in the morning, twice over the lunch hour, and again when school was out. I went to the South Fifth Street School located where the present Goshen Public Library now stands. I attended my second, third and fourth grades there. Unfortunately I had to take the third grade over when I missed half of the school year because of illness.

My fifth and sixth grades were at the old Chandler School located between Cottage Avenue and Eighth Street on Madison Street. The distance from our house was about the same as from the South Fifth Street School. (Nearly all the dimensional lumber in our present home came out of this old building. It was of a much better quality than I could have bought at any lumber yard, and for a lot less money.)

When I started junior high school I got myself a paper route at the *Goshen Democrat*. It was the smallest route they had, but also the longest: Bridge Street, all of Mercer Avenue and Olive Street. The rest was all in east Goshen. The route had only 26 customers, but it paid a straight two dollars a week, plus 25 cents extra if you made all of your collections—which I always managed to do. The route was too long to carry on foot so my father grubstaked me with 20 dollars for a used bicycle. This was one of the best investments he ever made, because from that time on I bought most of my clothes, school books, etc., and had, in addition, a little spending money for myself.

In the fall of 1927 we moved out of the neighborhood to the 100-Block of Eighth Street. It was the year I entered high school which was then four years old. This was the last year I went to school. The following spring when school was out I went to work at the Kundard Gladiolus Farm, which was quite a thriving business then. I worked as a field hand pulling weeds out by hand from around the plants for 75 cents a day.

**Entering the Newspaper Profession.** In August a job opened up at the *Goshen Democrat*, when their stereotyper left to work somewhere else. I went in for an interview, but the publisher was rather reluctant to give me the job, for he thought I

should return to school. I had worked for him the summer before and he liked me very much. I was adamant and said that I wanted to learn a trade and this was my opportunity. He gave me the job on the condition that I would consider re-entering school the following year. The following summer I was convinced that I should go back to school as we neared September. I had an uneasy feeling whether I should or not, because the stock market was already shaky. I didn't go back and it was well that I didn't for by November the stock market collapsed completely and from that point on the economy went with it.

Years later when I was working at the *Elkhart Truth*, I was going through my mail at my desk when an old gentleman walked up to me. I recognized him immediately in spite of his aging. It was Dean R. Barnhardt, the man that gave me my first job. We had a very pleasant talk and he gave me what I considered a fine compliment when he said, "Well Leonard, you've come a long way from your first job, haven't you?" I told him that I was satisfied and owed him some credit for giving me a start.

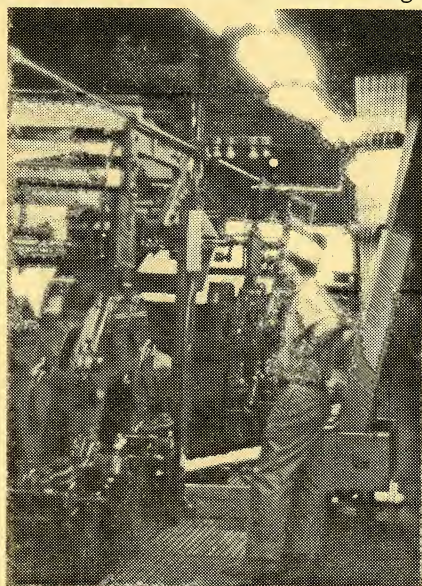
By the time 1930 approached the pinch was already being felt and I began to have doubts as to just how long the *Goshen Democrat* could exist under these conditions, so I went to see the publisher of the other paper (the *News Times*) about a job. O.M. Kinnison told me to hang on, for he thought he would have an opening in a few months. I didn't know at the time that he was having problems with one of the men working there. Sure enough, when April came around he called me and told me to report for work. My hunch proved correct; four years later the *Democrat* was absorbed by the *News Times*.

**Marriage.** Early in 1931 I met someone who was to become my mate for 46 years. We were attracted to each other from the first time we met. We had somewhat similar backgrounds, she being of the Amish background—although she never embraced the faith. Her name was Verna Fisher.

With this background it could normally be assumed that we would become Mennonites, but this was not the case with us. We had lengthy

talks on this before our marriage later that year. Let me state here and now that there was not at that time any animosity against the Mennonite church that led us to become Lutherans, but circumstances and personalities which I care not to discuss in print or writing. Both of us had a grandparent that had been Lutheran. My father's mother (Barbara Miller), born of Mennonite parents, joined the Lutheran church (St. Paul's) in Middlebury, Indiana. She was a charter member there until she married my grandfather (Jacob Osiah Clemens), when she went back to the Mennonite faith. Verna's grandfather, who came to America as a young man, fell in love with a young maid by the name of Susanne Gingrich who was Amish. He became Amish so he could marry her. Prior to that, when he was in Switzerland, he studied a year for the Lutheran ministry. When he was conscripted for military service, he escaped one night and made his way to the coast of France and got on an American freighter as a stowaway. On the third day out at sea he came out of hiding, since he had run out of food and water. It was customary in those days, under those circumstances, to work for passage, which he did. This man's name was Frederick Byler. This man practically raised Verna the first eight or nine years of her life. She was very fond of him.

With all this in mind, we decided to go see the Reverend Paul Brosy, pastor at that time of the First Eng-



Leonard Clemens, around 1955, as Pressroom Foreman at the *Elkhart [Indiana] Truth*.



lish Lutheran Church. He married us and gave us adult catechism. The following year we were baptized and taken into the church.

Our marriage was a good one: everyone that knew us will attest to that. We had three children: Rita, Eugene Phillip, and Fredrick. All of them attended Goshen College, the two oldest graduating from there. When Verna departed this life in 1978 I took it very hard. I still miss her very much. People were very supportive though. I can truly say with the psalmist: "I would have fainted, had I not believed in the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

**Concluding Thoughts About the Mennonites.** It is very noticeable that most of this manuscript deals with Mennonites. It wasn't planned that way; this is simply the way it was. For over 50 years I have had Mennonites for neighbors and in all cases good neighbors they have been. They are always there to give you a helping hand.

A few years ago I was visiting the Hans Herr House southeast of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the oldest house in Lancaster County, built in 1719. It was used as an early Mennonite meetinghouse. I got the strange feeling that my common ancestor Gerhardt Clemens may once have been in this same house. Gerhardt's father, John had left England during the persecution for period of Holland. From there he moved to Switzerland where Gerhardt was born in 1680. When he was 23 years of age he moved to America and settled on a farm in what is now the western part of Philadelphia. It is conceivable that he may have been there.

What does all this make me? Perhaps it can best be described that I am a staunch Lutheran, grafted onto good solid Mennonite rootstalk—not too bad a combination when you stop to think about it.

### The Samuel King Family

Samuel King (Koenig) came to this country from Switzerland December 22, 1744. He settled in Cumry Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, married Anna Yoder, the daughter of the widow Barbara Yoder and had a family of 14

children. Their children and spouses are: John m. (1) Catherine Blank, (2) Nancy Renno; Jacob m. Barbara Zug; Christian m. (1) Catherine Kurtz, (2) Elizabeth Beiler, (3) Mary \_\_\_\_; Samuel Jr. m. Catherine Kurtz; Abraham m. Catherine Sieber; David m. \_\_\_\_; Michael m. Veronica \_\_\_\_; Solomon m. Frony Smucker; Magdalena m. Jacob Kurtz; Barbara m. John Blank; Anna m. Christian Beiler; Elizabeth m. (1) Samuel Lantz, (2) Christian Stoltzfus; Catherine m. Daniel Zug; Veronica m. John Stoltzfus.

I have fairly complete records of a number of these families but I need more information on a number. I will very much appreciate information on the families of Samuel Jr., David, Michael, and Magdalena.

This King family was originally Amish and now many of the descendants are members of the Old Order Amish Church. A large number are also members of the Mennonite Church. Others are members of different churches.

A large number of descendants of Samuel King through marriage are now members of the Stoltzfus family. In fact, I believe that it is true that every person in this country by the name of Stoltzfus is a direct descendant of Samuel King.

Much intermarriage has taken place in this King family. In my own case I can trace my line back to Samuel King in four different ways. Both my father, John M. Hartzler, and my mother, Anna Mary King, are King descendants. An interesting fact is that both of my parents have mothers whose name is Barbara King.

—H. Harold Hartzler  
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### Recent Publications

Byler, Martha A., Compiler. *Hershberger Family History*. Smicksburg, Pennsylvania, 1981. Pp. 90. \$4.00. Order from compiler, Route 1, Box 208 Windows Road, Smicksburg, PA 16256.

Cooper, Lydie Eck, Compiler. *The Andreas Decker Family Record*. North Newton, Kansas: Bethel College Historical Library, 1959. Pp. 180. \$4.00. Order from Cornelius Krahn, Box 366, North Newton, KS 67117.

*Genealogy of Heinrich Kornelsen 1807-1975*. Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1979. Pp. 101. \$15.00. Order from Ernest J. Klassen, 467 Park Blvd. E, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3P OH2.

Hostetler, Wilbur, Compiler. *Jonathon and Katie (Miller) Eash Family Record 1855-1981*. Goshen, Indiana: Eash Family Reunion, 1982. Pp. 238. \$6.00 (plus \$1.00). Order from Wilbur Hostetler, 1325 Greencroft Drive, 301, Goshen, IN 46526.

Litwiller, Mary and Earl. *Peter Litwiller and Elizabeth Lichti Family History and Genealogy*. Petersburg, Ont., 1981. \$12.00. Pp. 323. Order from author, Petersburg Ont., NOB 2HO.

Loewen, Ted. *Reedley First Mennonite Church: The First Seventy-Five Years 1906-1981*. Reedley, Cal., 1981. Pp. 102. Order from First Mennonite Church, 12th and L. Street, Reedley, CA 93654.

Lutz, June Shaull. *A Historical Account of the Schneider-Snyder Family*. Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1981. Pp. 1100. \$27.00. Order from June Shaull Lutz, 1433 Elderwood Court, N.W., Grand Rapids, MI 49504.

Mann, Pauline Bachman. *Our Heritage: A History of the Bachman's of Lititz, Pennsylvania*. Des Moines, Iowa, 1981. Pp. 215. \$20.00. Order from Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society, 2215 Millstream Road, Lancaster, PA 17602.

Schmidt, Elsie Duerksen, Compiler. *Abraham and Justina (Friesen) Woelk 1840-1981*. Hillsboro, Kansas. Pp. 95. \$15.00. Order from Mrs. Anton Schmidt, Route 3, Box 115, Hillsboro, KS 67063.

Schrag, Keith G., et al, eds. *The Daniel Schrag Family History and Genealogy*. Kitchener, Ont., 1981. \$10.00. Pp. 196. Order from author, 2320 Knapp, Ames, IA 50010 or Lorraine Roth, 37 Ahrens St. W., Kitchener, Ont. N2H 4B6.

Sperling, Jennie. *Some Descendants of Henry Sell of Upper Saucon Twp. Lehigh County, Pennsylvania*. Lansdale, Penn., 1981. Pp. 70. Order from author, 1701 W. Main Street, Lansdale, PA 19446.

Stoesz, A.D. *A Stoesz Genealogy: Cornelius Stoesz 1731-1811, Jacob Stoesz 1780-1859, Johann Stoesz 1839-1905*. Lincoln, Nebraska, 1973. Pp. 216. \$12.00. Order from Cornelius Krahn, Box 366, North Newton, KS 67117.



*Triumph: 75th Anniversary Balko Mennonite Brethren Church 1906-1981.* Balko, Okla., 1981. \$14.00. Pp. 175. Order from 75th Anniversary Book, Box 75, Balko, OK 73931.

Turn, Helen Overholser. *Samuel Overholtzer of Virginia and Some of His Descendants.* Belton, Tex., 1981. \$27.85. Pp. 365. Order from author, 2310 Rio Grande, San Angelo, TX 76901.

Voth, Stanley E. *Cornelius and Helena Voth Family.* Henderson, Neb., 1979. Unpaged. Order from author, Box 316, Henderson, NB.

Weber, Eldon C. *Descendants of pioneer HH214 Henry Hershey Weber (1793-1862) and Salome (Baer) Bauman (1791-1868).* Kitchener, Ont., 1981. Pp. 298. Order from author, 106 Maplewood Place, Kitchener, Ont., N2H 4L5.

Zook, Ann M. *Family Record of Ephraim and Katherine (Hoover) Hershey.* Brownstown, Penn., 1980. \$1.50. Pp. 10. Order from author, 27 N. State Street, Brownstown, PA 17508.

## Book Reviews

*Mennonite Images.* Edited by Harry Loewen. Winnipeg, Canada: Hyperion Press, 1980. Pp. 280.

*Mennonite Images* is a collection of 20 essays by 18 different Mennonite scholars dealing with Mennonite issues subdivided into three topics, namely: Historical Tensions, Cultural Identity and Literary Images. It is the fourth volume in a series of publications having to do with the Mennonite experience.

The essays address in various ways the question of what it means to be a Mennonite in the modern world. The editor, Harry Loewen, who occupies the newly established Chair of Mennonite Studies at the University of Winnipeg, acknowledges in his "Foreword" that "The individualism and relativism of modern society have . . . cast their spell on Mennonites to the extent that in the last decade or so there have arisen disturbing questions with regard to Mennonite identity." These chapters constitute an astute coming to grips with such issues as Mennonite participation in politics, the role of Mennonite intellectuals and professionals, the Mennonite

library and artistic imagination, and the image of Mennonites in non-Mennonite literature. At times one is informed about a relatively unimpeccable, but fascinating and informative foray into the Anabaptist-Mennonite past, while another essay is a hard-hitting indictment of the present, as for example, Don Wiebe's "Philosophical Reflections of Twentieth-Century Mennonite Thought."

John Howard Yoder opens with an essay on "Mennonite Political Conservatism" which leads the reader deftly through murky waters to the realization that "the question is not whether to be conservative but wherein; not whether ever to be radical but on what subject and in what ways." Walter Klaassen sums up the Anabaptist viewpoint concerning the role of the child when he says, "Children are considered protected by the atoning work of Christ. No attempt should ever be made to make them feel estranged from Christ until they have reached the age of discretion. When they arrive at that period in their lives the choice is made available to them and they are free to decide." But he then just as candidly declares that the "Anabaptist has no direct biblical basis for this point of view and their enemies . . . were quick to point this out." He reproduces some excerpts and many references to early writings as he probes the implications of this belief and practice.

There are also critical appraisals of the Mennonite related writings of German church historian Wilhelm Zimmerman and pietist Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling, as well as the images of Anabaptist-Mennonites to be found in the writings of Gottfried Keller's novellas or Josef Ponten's *Volk auf dem Wege*. Here again there is developed an intriguing speculation concerning the spiritual roots of Menno Simons in an essay by G.K. Epp that marshals the evidence pointing to the early education, ordination, and investiture of Menno into the Roman Catholic priesthood according to the Premonstratensian Order. John Friesen attempts to identify the reasons, in his chapter on "The Relationship of Prussian Mennonites to German Nationalism," why the Prussian Mennonites' critical capacities collapsed during the era of German Nationalism.

Editor Loewen contributes a treatment of "The Anabaptist View of the World . . ." in which he comes to the disconcerting conclusion that "The former Anabaptist criticism and . . . drive for the reform of all institutions in time gave way to acquiescence with regard to religious, social, economic, and political injustice" with the exception of some individual Mennonites and Mennonite institutions that recognize the existing gulf between the kingdom of God and the worldly realm and consciously enter the world to make it more Christ-like.

Roy Vogt submits a most stimulating explanation as to why it is that the professions now rival farming as the chosen occupation of most American Mennonites, suggesting that "consciously or unconsciously, many Mennonites have entered the professions because it enables them to withdraw at least partially from the urban class struggle . . ." Alfred Hecht summarizes the "Relationships and Tensions Between Mennonites and Indians in the Paraguayan Chaco" in a manner that calls to mind the fuller treatment of this same subject by Calvin Redekop in his recent book *Strangers Become Neighbors* (1980). Also included is a photographic essay by Ken Loewen consisting of 16 full-page black-and-white photos.

I am least of all qualified to comment on the seven essays in the Literary Images subdivision of the book except to note that Ingrid Rimland offers a contribution in reflection upon her own pilgrimage that eventuated in the publication of the historical novel *The Wanderers*.

I have not chosen to comment on all the essays and topics but have endeavored rather to cite a number of representative topics and scholars contributing to the whole with hints of their viewpoints. Only two of the authors contributed more than one chapter and in each case, only two. As editor Loewen frankly states in his "Foreword," these are academic studies rather than popular ones," yet they all bear trenchantly on a phenomenon that interests a wider audience. I found the whole experience of reading this book a bracing one and commend it to all who dare to be candid and reflective about their own images, who they are and what they believe.

—Gerald C. Studer